

12-1-2014

# Tempo Magazine, Fall 2014

Office of Student Life

Follow this and additional works at: <https://digitalcommons.coastal.edu/tempo-magazine>



Part of the [Higher Education Commons](#), and the [History Commons](#)

---

## Recommended Citation

Office of Student Life, "Tempo Magazine, Fall 2014" (2014). *Tempo Magazine*. 32.  
<https://digitalcommons.coastal.edu/tempo-magazine/32>

This Periodical is brought to you for free and open access by the Office of Student Life at CCU Digital Commons. It has been accepted for inclusion in Tempo Magazine by an authorized administrator of CCU Digital Commons. For more information, please contact [commons@coastal.edu](mailto:commons@coastal.edu).

# TEMPO



FALL 2014 | VOL. 17 | ISSUE 1

## POSTHUMAN

HOW FAR WILL  
**TECHNOLOGY** TAKE US?

## BIOMETRICS & IDENTITY

WHY OUR FINGERPRINTS ARE  
NOT A VALID PROOF OF IDENTITY

## TECHNOLOGICAL ADVANCEMENTS:

DR. FLATEN ON JETPACKS,  
TIME TRAVEL, AND ROBOTS

## SOCIAL MEDIA DIETING

IS IT POSSIBLE TO RETURN  
TO LIFE BEFORE SOCIAL MEDIA?





This year, Archarios has brought home two awards

---

**Best of Show**  
from the Associated Collegiate Press  
AND  
**2<sup>nd</sup> Place Pinnacle Award**  
for Four-Year Literary Magazines

---

We could not have done this without the extraordinary talent of the artists and writers who submit their work each semester, and the brilliant student staff who put in countless hours. Without their dedication, creativity, and hard work, Archarios would not have become what it is today.

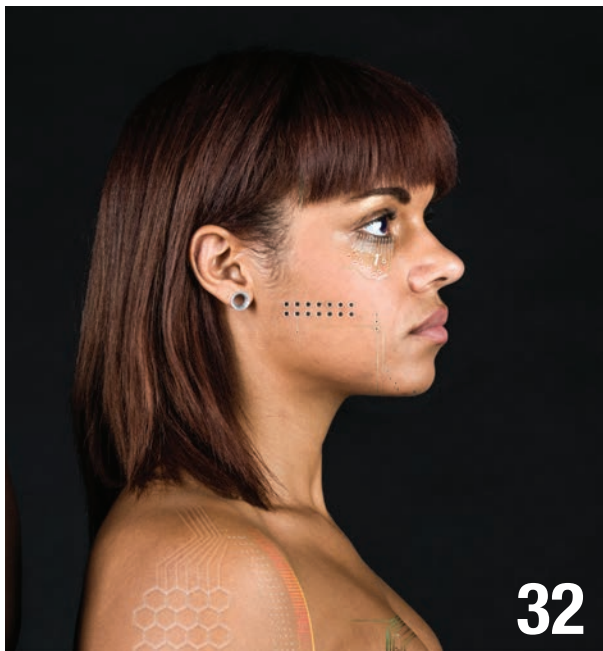
You can submit your work during submission week each semester. We publish student poetry, short fiction, creative nonfiction, studio art, and design.

Archarios is published annually and unveiled in the spring. You can find the latest issue in the teal racks around campus. To learn more about getting Archarios magazines and merchandise, submitting your art or literature, or joining our staff, please email us at [archclub@g.coastal.edu](mailto:archclub@g.coastal.edu). You can also visit our office at 204B Lib Jackson Student Union (above CINO Grille.)

Now, go create.







# TEMPO CONTENTS

POSTHUMAN | FALL 2014 VOLUME 17 ISSUE 1

## STUDENT LIFE

- 04 The New Student Union
- 06 Club Highlight
- 07 I'm Shmacked
- 08 Over / Under
- 10 Professor Ratings

## FEATURES

- 12 Biometrics and Identity  
Could biometrics solve the ongoing issue of identity theft?
- 14 Social Media Dieting  
On a weekend trip to Vegas, one girl attempts to avoid all social media.
- 16 A Technical Means to an End  
Are advancements in technology dangerous? An interview with Dr. Arne Flatten.
- 20 The Afterlife Of Technology  
Reminisce on the technology of our childhood, and find out what's happening as we continuously upgrade.
- 22 He's Got the Whole World In His Hands  
Do we hold power over our cellphones, or do they overpower us? A reflection of a young girl's first experience with a cell phone.
- 26 Transhumanism  
Given the opportunity to live a superior life, would you take it?
- 32 Posthumanism  
As described by Katherine Hayles.

## FICTION

- 37 "Thirty Seconds"
- 38 "Like Bees"

## REVIEWS

- 42 Book Reviews
- 43 Second Cup Reading
- 44 Album Reviews
- 45 Miley Cyrus Profile
- 46 Dirty Heads Concert
- 47 Movie Reviews

## EXTRAS

- 48 Pimp My Ramen
- 50 Haiku Showdown
- 52 "WTF" Social Media



## FROM THE EDITOR'S DESK



It occurred to me over the summer that, on account of a stubborn practice of rarely, if ever, leaving home, it would be in my best interest, for the sake of variance, to make a few changes around the apartment. My conversion began/ended quickly as I swiped my debit card for forty, maybe fifty dollars and walked out of the mall, got in my little Toyota, and drove home.

It seemed ridiculous, especially given how much was going on around town that, as I tore at the packaging in the same frenzied manner as I tend to do to cereal boxes overnight, I was so excited about this small, cheaply-made portable laser show. I was, though, and I wasted no time plugging it in, mounting it to a perch above my bed, and turning on my loudest/crispest speakers. Falling back onto my pillow, I stared at the ceiling, the walls, parts of the floor, all illuminated in surprisingly brilliant reds and greens. “Oh,” my fiancée said, “this is neat.” She too, as if the motion was instinctually bound to the sight of bright, shining lights, fell back onto the bed. I stared, uninterrupted, until something flickered in my peripheral.

I asked her what she was doing, though the question didn’t necessitate a response. She knew this. She rolled her eyes upwards — *la di da* — and continued holding the phone in front of her face, watching my new laser show through an Instagram filter. Look: I flat out refuse to be the insufferable curmudgeon who tirelessly lectures on the dangers of electronic dependence. I’ll balk at the pejoratives — the “millennial” trash, or whatever other words people are using to try and dress entire, or even multiple generations with. To me, it all reeks of oversimplification, and oversimplifying anything is a slippery practice.

When asked by someone on staff, “What’s your stance on this whole thing?” I said “Whatever,” and I’m still comfortable with that answer. On one hand, we’re capable of finding information almost effortlessly. On the other, what’s so bad about just... not knowing — or waiting until we find a computer, or book, or someone to ask? Regardless, here’s the thing — opinion is both irrelevant and tiresome. The technology is here, and we’re going to use it. Will things change? Yes. Will it destroy us? Probably not. So, as we’ve done since the dawn of the Holocene, we adapt. We find a way to make it work. It will be an issue until it’s not, until the next big whatever, and then we’ll repeat the same arduous cycle all over again.

Are we in the Posthuman age? If you say so. No, really. If you say it, we probably are. Put a name on something. That’s how we do it. Oversimplification. People don’t like names. Not new ones, at least. Barthelme knew:

*“The mechanical age is drawing to a close,” I said to her.*

*“Or has already done so,” she replied.*

*“It was a good age,” I said. “I was comfortable in it, relatively. Probably I will not enjoy the age to come quite so much. I don’t like its look.”*

*“One must be fair. We don’t know yet what kind of an age the next one will be. Although I feel in my bones that it will be an age inimical to person well-being and comfort, and that is what I like, personal well-being and comfort.”*

Best,

A handwritten signature in black ink that reads "P. Siebel".

# MEET THE TEAM



**EDITOR-IN-CHIEF**  
Pat Siebel



**ASSISTANT EDITOR**  
Amanda Taylor



**ART DIRECTOR**  
Erica Burkett

.....

WANT **REAL** MEDIA EXPERIENCE?

**WE'RE HIRING**

Tempo Magazine is looking for a new  
**EDITOR, ASSISTANT EDITOR, AND ART DIRECTOR**  
for the 2015 - 2016 year.

For information on how to apply  
please email [pasiebel@g.coastal.edu](mailto:pasiebel@g.coastal.edu)

# TEMPO MAGAZINE

**EDITOR-IN-CHIEF**  
**ASSISTANT EDITOR**  
**ART DIRECTOR**

Pat Siebel  
Amanda Taylor  
Erica Burkett

**WRITERS**

Pat Siebel  
Amanda Taylor  
Nikkie Hanley  
Emilee Rosen  
Jan Skogarvordur  
Esther Crompton  
Ray Taylor  
Jada Murray  
Laurel Nusbaumer  
Nicole Russell  
Jessica Rhodes

**DESIGNERS**

Erica Burkett  
Chris Johnson  
Lauren Rose  
Emily Englehart  
Ashley Loper

**PHOTOGRAPHERS**

Emily Munn  
Amber Eckersley  
Paige Johnson

**ADVISORS**

Colin Burch  
Scott Mann

FALL 2014 Volume 17 Issue 1  
*Posthuman Issue*

Coastal Carolina University  
P.O. Box 261954  
Conway, SC 29528-6054  
(843) 347-3161

*Tempo is a student-produced features magazine,  
offering publishing experience to some of Coastal  
Carolina's most talented writers and designers.*

*Opinions expressed throughout the magazine do not  
necessarily reflect those of Tempo staff. That said: we  
wholeheartedly support individualism, and in that  
regard, we do not publish a single word we regret.*

[tempoccu@g.coastal.edu](mailto:tempoccu@g.coastal.edu)





# THE NEW STUDENT UNION

## AN EXCLUSIVE INSIDE LOOK AT THE NEW STUDENT UNION

**W**alking around Coastal, it's difficult to not overhear complaints about the campus construction. The neglected fact is that all of the new buildings and projects are having to go up at the same time because most, if not all, of them are being paid for by the Horry County 1% Penny Tax — a tax allowing approximately \$120 million over the fifteen years to be used to improve and expand the university.

In a sense, it's a race against the clock to expand as much as possible before the sales tax runs out — and expansion has resulted in a spike in enrollment.

The biggest focus on campus is the Lib Jackson Student Union Expansion, named for Elizabeth "Lib" Benson Jackson on October 16, 2004. Many students find the construction a pain and don't understand why the expansion is so necessary at such a hectic time.

Over the years, the Lib Jackson Student Union — formally the Student Center — was like any other

student hub on a college campus: dining choices, a game room, an information desk, and an upstairs full of offices no one knows exist — Student Activities and Leadership, Student Government Association, and the Student Media office. Chant 411, implemented during the summer of 2013, is an office where anyone can ask questions regarding anything related to CCU. Let us also not forget the recent addition of Subway in CINO Grille.

The student body, though satisfied with these additions, will soon be awestruck.

Though the Lib Jackson Student Union is not going to have a bowling alley or an indoor mini golf area — it's shocking to see how quickly rumors spread — it will hold a 250-seat, multi-purpose movie theatre. According to Whitney Comer, Coastal's Director of Student Life, the more-intricate details of its operation are as follows: Thursday, Friday, and Saturday nights there will be two showings — one in the early evening/one at night. They will be showing one previously released film as well as a pre-DVD release film at a time, and during holiday seasons there will be themed-movie showings.

Perhaps the best information comes with the news that movie tickets will be only two dollars apiece — including a popcorn voucher. Not only

is the theater for CCU Students, its available to faculty, staff, and those enrolled at HGTC; it's even available to the public, as long as a student, faculty, and staff accompanies them.

Tickets will be available one hour before showings at the box office, or pre-orders can be placed in the game room.

Speaking of the game room: A new one is currently under construction since the old game room is now being used for additional — and much needed — seating for CINO Grille. Amongst new amenities for students are two PlayStation 4s, two Xbox Ones, and the return of the Nintendo Wii — all of which will be stocked with new controllers and the latest games. And of course, gamers will enjoy their console choices on new, flat-screen televisions. Those students concerned with the return of the pool tables need not to fret: Not only are they returning — there will be four brand-new tables, a Ping-Pong table, a foosball table, and — wait for it — an air hockey table. Additionally, the seating, tables, and outlets will all be updated. For those rushed to campus by early-morning classes, universal phone chargers will be available when you inevitably forget yours — and don't worry: Student assistants monitoring the game room will keep their eyes on it for you.





Courtyard/Outdoor seating



West entrance

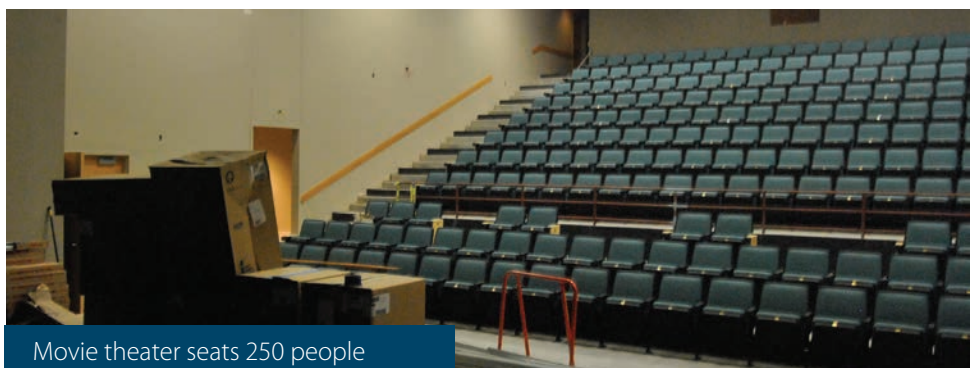
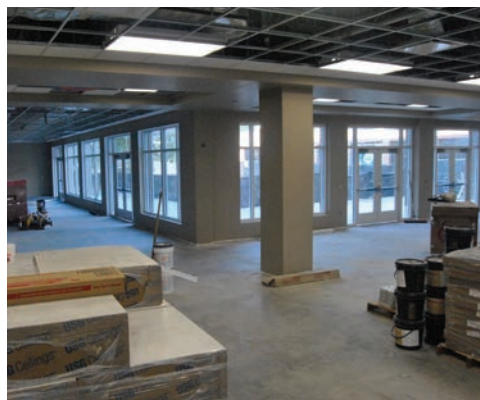
Though the changes are aplenty, we're far from over. Also, on the first floor, a quiet lounging area for students — complete with stylish seating artwork — will be available. A large convenient store is also in the works for all common needs. Between CINO Grille and the game room will be a large patio featuring a stage to be used for various musical events during the year. Students are more than welcome to use the patio as seating during their eating times and enjoy a more laid back atmosphere instead of the hustle from inside of CINO Grille.

This all comes in addition to numerous offices relocating to the building's second floor for a more convenient campus experience. As the dawn of the new Student Union approaches, watch your step around work zones and, instead of focusing on the sore sight of construction, look forward to the near future with new, exciting choices for entertainment on campus.

-RAY TAYLOR

## WHAT'S GOING INSIDE

- MUSIC STAGE
- MOVIE THEATER
- FLAT-SCREEN TELEVISIONS
- GAMING SYSTEMS
- POOL TABLES
- PING-PONG
- FOOSBALL
- AIR HOCKEY
- PHONE CHARGING STATIONS
- CONVENIENT STORE
- LOUNGE ROOMS
- STUDENT MEETING ROOMS



Movie theater seats 250 people



# ROTARACT CLUB

## MAKING A DIFFERENCE IN THE LOCAL COMMUNITY

**T**he Rotaract Club of Coastal Carolina University is a service-oriented group sponsored by the Carolina Forest Sunrise Rotary club. It's the college branch of Rotary International, and one of thousands worldwide. Rotaract at CCU is involved in several local and international projects such as CMC Smart Snacks, Meal Mania, Clothes for Kids, Happy Feet, Cultural Celebration, the Heart Walk, Relay for Life, and the Rotaract Youth Leadership Awards. All Rotaract efforts begin at the local level with members addressing our community's physical and social needs, while promoting international understanding and peace through a framework of friendship and service.

The Rotaract Club of Coastal Carolina is heavily involved in the local program, Smart Snacks, which is sponsored by Conway Medical Center. Their involvement with the program involves packaging meals for local kids at Waccamaw Elementary School, a Title I school, which refers to most of the school's students coming from low-income households. On Thursday evenings and Friday mornings, the club meets at Waccamaw Elementary and packs bags of food for its underprivileged students to take home over the weekend. It's an event that warms the hearts of

the volunteers. When handing out the bags of food to the students, they say that you can see the gratitude on the children's faces. Those who pack the bags of food don't expect much from their volunteering, but are grateful for the impact they are making on the young locals when kids recognize them outside of school. It's not unusual for the elementary students to run up to the volunteers just to say "hello." It's truly a rewarding experience that Rotaract loves to partake in.

One of the most influential events for Rotaract has been the RYLA North American Conference. At this event, a handful of their club officers and Rotaract members go to Washington D.C. in order to learn how to improve themselves and become even more promising young leaders. Not only do they refine their leadership and professional skills, but they also have the chance to meet hundreds of other Rotaract members from 40 other countries across the world. This conference has also allowed many of their own Rotaract officers to make valuable friendships and connections with other members. These connections have allowed the Rotaract Club at Coastal Carolina University to branch out on new and different service projects to help better our community, as well. Additionally, they've also become more acquainted with business professionals, and have met with several different Ambassadors from various countries through this event. Meeting with these well-established professionals can be not only inspiring, but also motivating to make more of a positive impact within the local and global communities. Attending

this particular conference every year allows the Rotaract Club to grow and make a better impact on the Coastal community.

A large part of the Rotaract Club focuses on having a positive impact here at the university, to the local community, and globally through numerous service projects and volunteer work. This group of young leaders aspires to reach other students on campus as well to join in and help better serve our community. In addition to their service projects, the Rotaract Club also hosts social hangouts and fun activities for the group members to build lasting friendships, and leave with a positive experience. That being said, any fellow Coastal student is more than welcome to join the Rotaract crew!



**Want to get involved?**  
Email [rotaclub@g.coastal.edu](mailto:rotaclub@g.coastal.edu)



Rotaract Club members dedicate their Friday mornings to packing weekend meals for children at a local Title 1 elementary school.



Club members, Jasmine McCray and Hannah Morgan, representing CCU at the RYLA North America Conference in Washington D.C.



Rotaract member Kelly Kudner meeting Austrian Ambassador, Hans Peter Manz, at the RYLA North America Conference.



# I'M SHMACKED

At the beginning of the semester, "I'm Shmacked," a YouTube party series, visited Coastal Carolina. **You heard, but I was there. This is what it was like.**

## A NEW PERSPECTIVE ON THE WHOLE SHMACKED THING

**F**UCK CUSE written in sharpie had turned into the Goosebumps font, dripped and smeared across her lower stomach. The tips of her wet hair looked like tentacles wrapped around her collarbone and neck; her mascara clearly wasn't waterproof, but her eyeliner was on point. She was attempting to sing her own version of a Miley Cyrus song, but it sounded like the seagull from *The Little Mermaid*. She had long mastered the drunk-zombie walk. She dragged on, arms unwieldy, flinging beer from her cup just a little too close to the car.

I rolled my window up a bit as she passed.

It was a miracle within itself that I had managed to find a spot so close to my apartment. It wasn't a game of musical cars for an hour like it usually was during a pool party. Something was different; I couldn't shake the feeling. I knew I had work in three hours, and I had classes to study for - and I should have felt appalled seeing that girl pass by, but I wasn't. While, normally, I'm disgusted by the aged, rotted vomit in the stairwell, I felt it fueling me. I wasn't myself — I was smiling. I only wanted a peek, a small taste of the recklessness I could have.

I was captivated by the open window in the hallway, just past the top of the stairwell. It lured me with its bitter scent of grains and lager malts mixed with chlorine. It was intoxicating. I felt my head getting lighter, releasing the tensions of responsibility. The music pushed me closer. It,

like my adrenaline, pulsed through the air. It was infectious. I was swinging my hips and moving my shoulders. The party had become my dance partner, and it was whispering that work wasn't for another three hours, assuring me that's plenty of time.

I looked: bikinis, board shorts, booze - the three essential B's of a Monarch 544 pool party. It was all there, all for me.

Wait —

Though it was my birthday, I still had responsibilities; I needed to stay sober. I backed away from the window. The door to my apartment opened. Music poured into the hallway, and the sweet lure of mixed drinks and Four Loco tempted me. My friends were all there laughing, throwing a surprise pre-game of their own. The loudest of my friends, Brandon, shouted from my balcony, "Why aren't you drunk yet?" Another guy, Dustin, tossed me a Raspberry and smiled.

I was going to get shmacked.

Hammered, white girl wasted, shitfaced, buzzed: All words I've used to describe my level of intoxication before, but there's a new level being introduced to colleges one at a time: Shmacked.

Urban Dictionary defines it. "extremely drunk or high, but at the same time, enjoyable." It's the term at its simplest definition, but it has become something more than just a state of mind. It's the term used to describe the moment at the party when the music is loudest; it's the moment when everyone bonds, and no alcohol coolers are off limits; it's the moment when the DJ becomes part of the crowd, commanding them to dance. It's the peak of the party.

Jeffrey Ray and Arya Toufanian: Not only do they have a claim to inventing the word, but they

have managed to trademark it as part of their college video documentary series, *I'm Shmacked*. The videos, three to four minutes long, are focused on the partying aspects of college life.

FUCK CUSE, everywhere. It was displayed across fraternity banners, written on bodies, shouted in the crowd. Syracuse, number one party school in the nation, was being challenged by one of the top underrated party schools - and it was working. Sorority girls and non-Greeks shared beers, freshmen and upperclassmen played beer pong and shouted in unison. It was about taking pride in our academics, our sports, our Wall Pond turtles. It was about throwing a middle finger to the bigger, more elite colleges. It was about celebrating the student body and welcoming everyone back to school.

It was taking a college and making it into Coastal Carolina. For one moment, we all had something in common: We were all shmacked.

When the cops arrived, I was sitting on the balcony, with my friends, watching it all. We had quit drinking and opened up our snacks. The cops, marching like an army, made their way to the pool area, the backs of their cars open - ready to take out a haul.

But nothing happened. It was as disappointing as the drama in a chick flick; it was the part that never got filmed in the *I'm Shmacked* videos.

There were no riots; no damaging of cars, property; no resisting arrests. The crowd simply dropped their cups and left — just like that. The party was over, and I still had an hour to get ready before work.

-JESSICA RHODES



# OVER UNDER

*By Pat Siebel*

## DR. KELLOGG

### **Drake**

I would say Over. I have no idea who that is.

### **Social Darwinism**

Over, in the sense that — man, that's a good question. I link Social Darwinism to evolutionary psychology, which I think is overrated. So, it's overrated by a sort of transitive property.

### **Tomes**

Tomes, as a word? Overrated in the sense that you should know what a "tome" means, but you should probably never use it in conversation.

### **William Shakespeare**

Perennially underrated. There's no, yeah. Can't be overrated.

### **Healthcare.gov**

Underrated, because it started out poor, but it turned out to do really well — although we're in a state that refuses to acknowledge its existence.

### **Michael Moore documentaries**

Overrated — generally like most screeching, ideologically driven things.

### **Tempo Magazine**

I'm going to say underrated. I just don't think that needs explanation.

### **Edible Arrangements**

Appalling, but I don't know anybody who has a good opinion of them. So, can I say overrated if everybody I know already rates them at a zero? Yet they're still somehow overrated.

### **David Bowie**

I'm going to go with overrated. I know that's — yeah, you know, he's a genius, blah, blah, blah. Still...

### **English badges**

Oh, we're in dangerous territory here. [Thirty seconds of silence]. You've stopped me cold. [More silence]. They're underrated by students, overrated by administration. [Silence] Grudgingly acknowledged by teachers.



## DR. HAMELMAN

### The Ice-bucket Challenge

Completely overrated. It has quickly become a mindless fad that has nothing to do with charity, and has more to do with the vanity of the people involved. There are easier and less wasteful ways of raising charity. We're in a water crunch in a good one-third of the western part of this country, and anybody who's doing it out there is not aware of the environmental impact of wasting water for a ridiculous cause. That's my opinion.

### Instagram

I think it's an app — or something? So, since I've never used it, I've heard about it, but — and it's a clever name — it's probably very popular with people under 30. I don't know what it is or what it does. But — it's got to be overrated, because I heard yesterday that the so-called “younger generation” spends 7 hours a day on-screen now, and I think Instagram probably has to be involved in that, in some way or another. What is Instagram, Pat? You can tell me later. Ok, next.

### Going Barefoot

I think going barefoot is something that is probably overrated in modern civilization because of the hazards to the feet. If, well, I'm probably taking this too literally, but if “going barefoot” is something that's going native or something and getting back to nature, then it's probably underrated because it would just be great if we could just strip down some of the crap off our bodies and our feet. Maybe not go naked, but certainly live a more simple life. But, you know, I've never heard that phrase, either. And so is it a literal thing or is it kind of a new way of life?

### High-waisted Shorts

High-waisted shorts? Sound to me like a retro kind of fashion statement, which means they're overrated.

### Kanye West

Utterly and completely overrated, as are all the celebrities of the new music scene. I mean, OK, OK — I'll leave it at that.

### Laughing Yoga

Probably overrated because I've done yoga, and I'm not laughing when I'm doing it. I'm not even smiling when I'm doing it. So, if you're laughing, you're not doing the Yoga. Because Yoga is discipline — that's what it means. And it's calmness, and finding your center, and it's not like fun time, you know, with the Buddha — or anything.

### Andre Bocelli

I don't know who that person is. Andre Bocelli?  
Never heard of the person.

### Oriental Rugs

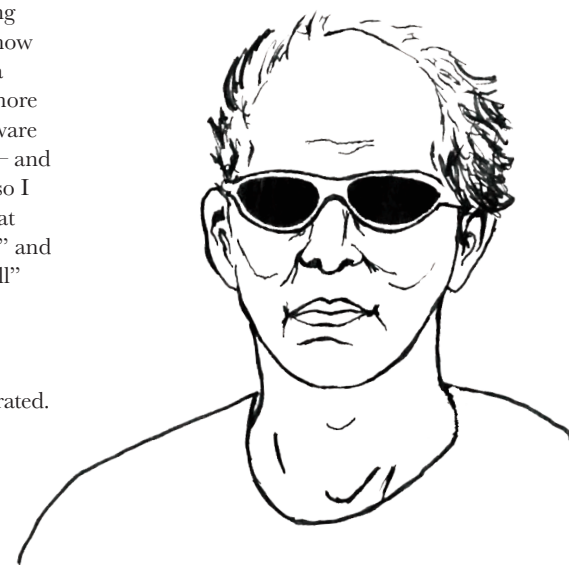
Has to be overrated. It's like — sounds like Orientalism to me, which is a literary theory everybody knows this theory of culture where the West conquers the East through discourse and through the commodity fetish and fashion and things like that. So, people buy Oriental rugs and — even the word, “Oriental,” is probably one of those things that PC did get right. It's like, you don't call things Oriental, anymore. That is so 19th century. OK.

### Twerking

You know what? When I heard that — Twerking is underrated because when I saw — I didn't know what it was until somebody explained it to me a while back. I thought it was something a little more vulgar, but when I saw what it was and I was aware that Miley Cyrus kind of like made it famous — and that she won some big award the other day — so I like Miley Cyrus. If she's Twerking — it's a great word, by the way — and I saw “Wrecking Ball,” and Twerking, and Miley Cyrus, and “Wrecking Ball” are all very good to me, so it's underrated.

### Sriracha Sauce

It's a kind of sauce? I don't know. Probably overrated.







# PROFESSORS RATE THEIR 'RATE MY PROFESSOR' REVIEWS

The anonymous, digital platform has proved itself, for better/worse, as our generation's new preference. The one-sided interface of site like Rate My Professor, however, has its flaws: What about professors' defenses? Are they allowed a word to, perhaps, clarify what kind of student may/may not take to their teaching methods best?

The Tempo staff, in hopes of being fair, decided to let the old, curmudgeon professors finally get their say.

-  Student reviews
-  Professor's response

\* All student reviews provided by ratemyprofessor.com

## PROFESSOR COLIN BURCH

OVERALL RATING	EASINESS	HELPLESSNESS	CLARITY
	4.3	4.6	4.6

**"He thinks he is too funny when really he tells the stupidest jokes ever. NEVER cancels classes which pissed me off every morning when I woke up at 7:30."**

And thanks to your groans, cringes, and gapes three mornings each week, the 9 a.m. class didn't hear any of those stupid jokes. I appreciate the test run. As for never canceling class, I'm just really bad about keeping my job. What's that? You don't have a job?

**"The way professor Burch teaches the class is pretty cool."**

So cool, in fact, I've never received a "hotness" chili pepper on Rate My Professor.

**"...where classic metal shirts he likes that stuff"**

I love classic metal, and I love to see the next generation wearing Iron Maiden t-shirts – but I love the correct use of "wear" even more.

**"He makes a boring subject entertaining with his sense of humor and occasional digressions. He is very jovial and easy to talk to. I highly recommend taking his class. He also has great taste in music and is very easy on the eyes."**

Notice the advanced vocabulary of this outstanding student: "digressions," which means "somewhat interesting rants," and "jovial," which means "good-naturedly fat." But "easy to talk to" and "very easy on the eyes"? No one disagrees more than my wife.

**"Try taking class in Spring so you can distract class with talks of March Madness."**

This used to work, but in light of the N.C. State Wolfpack's endless string of disappointments, the topic now drives me to paralyzing despair and hastens my return to the course material.

## PROFESSOR CAT TAYLOR

**OVERALL  
RATING**

**EASINESS**

**3.1**

**HELPFULNESS**

**4.8**

**CLARITY**

**4.8**

**“He knows his stuff and makes it clear that if you want in the game, you better show up to play. If you take Cat’s class you better be ready to do the work because he doesn’t settle for less than perfection.”**

This student really seems to get it! Artist are artist all day everyday. There aren’t days off, you don’t have hobbies, you do art and that is that. The wider vision is that if you want to be an artist and do award winning work you will at some point have to beat me for that award. I strive to make my students the best at what they do and have very little patience for those who’s strive to be mediocre.

**“This guy is the cats pajamas (haha). But for real, his classes are awesome and always interesting. He’s a really great, helpful, and funny guy.”**

Quick and to the point. I hope to make learning what can sometimes be tedious work fun and interesting.

**“Brian Catherine Taylor is an exceptional individual. Although he is rough like sand paper, he has the inner essence of a baby unicorn.”**

This one makes me smile. It is a jab at my name being Cat and shows the playful nature of a student who has learned that while I am very serious about work time, I can also have a sense of humor and be compassionate when it comes to the nurturing of the student’s work. It is my hope that all of my students could see me the way this one does.

**“Totally awesome teacher, a total BA. He’s hilarious and is a great teacher.”**

I’m pretty sure BA means Bad Ass and I’m just fine with that.

**“You have a chili pepper on your page, which is a symbol of being “hot.” Excited about that or no?!”**

The infamous chili pepper is a symbol that while we will all say it doesn’t matter we secretly hope we get it.

## PROFESSOR KATE OESTREICH

**OVERALL  
RATING**

**EASINESS**

**2.2**

**HELPFULNESS**

**4.0**

**CLARITY**

**4.2**

**“I don’t wear my seatbelt driving to school because I want to die before I can make it to this class.”**

This was from the semester I was teaching a special topics course on the perils and plights of crash test dummies. This young scholar must have identified too closely with the subject matter. Bless his heart.

**“Dr. Oestreich is a professor that every student should take, especially if you’re a woman.”**

I get this. I am big into empowering women, especially since women receive so many messages that they are inferior than A, B, or C due to X, Y, and Z. But men also benefit from my classes. Heck, who doesn’t profit from learning about politics and history and sex and all the other sordidly human stuff literature delves into?

**“Harsh grader so if you want an easy class you should avoid her, however she will teach you valuable writing skills and USE HER OFFICE HOURS!!”**

I love this comment. Professors should recognize quality work and reward it with high grades, but, as this student notes, that can only happen if students invest time and effort into their own educations.

**“Yells at people to wake them up if they fall asleep. Takes cell phones if you text and she sees.”**

Er, I’m not a yeller, nor do I take phones from students. And while I’m no Luddite, I do object to excessive texting. Students who are too absorbed in their screens can’t see what I see: How much they are annoying their classmates.

**“I have her class at 9am which I would usually hate but don’t dread it because shes so funny!”**

I am delighted this student enjoyed my banter, even at such an ungodly early hour. And while I do have a sense of humor, I’m itching to take a red pen to that sentence.



# STRANGE AND FRANTIC CONTEMPLATIONS ON -- BIOMETRICS & -- IDENTITY

By Esther Crompton

I'm beginning to wonder how many *mes* are out there. No, I'm not talking about doppelgangers, clones, or even parallel-universe *mes* — I'm wondering how many people are wearing my identity like a Boo Hag wears one's skin.

I scan the soulless email, my eyeballs leaving a trail as I read, "You are receiving this letter because some of your personal information may have been taken during [the] cyber-attack on Community Health Systems. The data which was taken may include your name, address, birthdate and Social Security number." I read carefully, line-by-line. "We want to protect our patients, and because we do not know for certain whether the intruders took information for identity theft purposes, we are providing you with the opportunity to sign up for identity theft protection, free of charge for one year, as outlined below."

Sure you do — you're not just trying to save face or anything.

The free year of identity protection I'm being offered is a joke; I'm pretty sure I'll still be using my identity a year from now. But part of me questions if it even matters? Who in the world would want my identity? That old axiom comes to mind - "Imitation is the sincerest form of flattery" — but so does "Bullshit." It's not about being me; I know that. It's about being *someone* else, anyone else — It's about bypassing consequences, and then serving them to that other *someone*.

Matt Davis, Victim Advisor for the Identity Theft Resource Center, explains, "With a Social Security Number, identity thieves can gain access to your medical benefits, file false tax returns, pawn off their criminal acts onto your identity and take out loans, credit cards — even buy a house."

The criminal act is terrifying. It sends my brain into bizarre worries and possibilities, like getting pulled over for a busted taillight, then finding out there's an outstanding warrant for my arrest in Dickshooter, Idaho. I briefly consider the best way to appeal to my hacker (s) and settle on the following:

*Dearest Hacker(s): I wish to inform you that selling my identity would be bad business. Really bad business. You see, the net worth of my identity is in the red — has been for years; chalk it up to student loans. And, oh — the medical debts associated with allergy shots and over ten sinus infections per year. What can I say? I'm allergic to everything, even grass. Who wants that identity? I'm telling you: it's an inferior product. Besides, you may not even be the first one to make handy with my SSN. I know, tough break on your end, but I'm a tax-paying citizen.*

I start thinking — not idle day-dream wandering — but really thinking: How many doctor's offices, banks, schools, employers, hospitals, or businesses have I, or my parents for that matter, handed out my SSN off to (note to self, stop giving away your SSN like beads during Mardi Gras)?

But the real question: How many places can protect it from prying cyber eyes? My guess is not many.

In 2013, The Identity Theft Resource Center recorded 614 data breaches, and 47.9 percent of those breaches resulted in the exposure of 12 million records with visible SSNs. And on that note I must ask: Just whose bright idea was it to take the big, bold letters, FOR SOCIAL SECURITY PURPOSES — NOT FOR IDENTIFICATION, off our cards? SSNs lack security because, well, they were never designed or intended to be a means of identification. However, over time, convenience and a touch of laziness has reformed the SSN into America's unofficial means of identification.

Isn't there is a better way, though?

I'd like to think there's a part of me that proves I'm more than a vulnerable string of numbers. Why should knowing something as impersonal as a nine-digit barcode, or any other set of numbers allow Not-me to become Me?

Why can't I be proof of my own identity?

I'm talking *biometrics* — what the Oxford English Dictionary defines as, "the use of unique physical characteristics (fingerprints,

“My body is the temple that holds my identity, yet it’s not fraud proof; my uniqueness can be forged.”

iris pattern, etc.) to identify individuals, typically for the purposes of security.” It’s not reserved to science fiction; after all, my boyfriend’s Xbox knows who I am by the sound of my voice. And without my fingers, I couldn’t log into the system at work.

I don’t understand is why biometrics, as proof of identity, is missing from the conversation. I assume it comes down to foreseeing weaknesses, but all institutions have their weaknesses — we should be working alongside technology to mend these small problems and enjoy our mutualistic lives together. While some see biometric technology as an invasion of privacy — as an infringement on human rights — the idea of cataloguing fingerprints, to me, seems a better option than handing more of our paychecks over to some across-country institution that promises, to the best of their ability, to provide identity protection.

My skin, my voice, my irises, my veins, my DNA: There is a beauty here. They are mine — self-generated, distinctive, and unique to me.

How could they not be fraud proof? Me is me; I is I.

My body is the temple that holds my identity, yet it’s not fraud proof; my uniqueness can be forged. The curves of fingertips — the swirls, arcs, the hypno-beam of circles, you leave behind when you mark a surface are a lot like secrets — they get around. Want to make a duplicate of someone’s fingerprint? YouTube has you covered. So does wikiHow. What kind of person informs the general public on these things? What about the biometrics of voice recognition? Many people — and electronics — know me by the sound of my voice, by the way I talk. So does that mean the sound of my thoughts solidify my identity? No — much like its tangible counterpart, the fingerprint, a voice can be captured.

What about my eyes? Iris scanning, more secure than fingerprinting, seems a viable option — you don’t go around marking the surface of the world with your eyeballs. Iris-scanning systems don’t store the

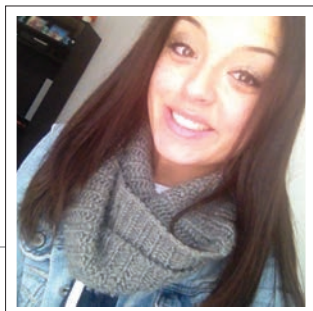
image of your iris — rather, they create an iris data code to be used for future reference. Javier Galbally and his team at the Universidad Autonoma de Madrid, Spain, created an evolving algorithm that can reverse this code into an image. Once the iris code — used to identify a specific iris — is reversed, all that remains is printing the final product onto contact lenses. What does it mean when technology allows someone, not just to forge, but to reverse engineer and wear the windows of your soul? How can so much of us be copied and recreated for wear by another? It’s daunting to think about — how easy our identities uniqueness, both personal and biological, can be stolen and/or cloned. That part of us can be mass produced with no true indicators of original from copy.

Classic light bulb style, I see it, the redundant trail of dots. Maybe biometric technologies are off the table because I can’t serve as proof of my own identity. Eyes, skin, voice — the unique intertwining threads that weave us — are unreplaceable, but duplicable. They are unique enough to mark and define the whole of our lives, but simple enough to recreate. It’s just this that makes me wonder if my body, eyes, and voice, are part of a unique being or a duplicable bar code.

Can identity be both? Is any part of us unique?

It’s something I stumble across — the use of the geometry in our body’s rivers and veins — as a biometric identifier. Even the vein patterns of biologically identical twins are unique, but uniqueness doesn’t prevent duplication: it invites it. So, it’s oddly suiting that the one feature that prevents photocopy fraud is generic to the majority of the living: blood flow. The palm-scanning devices that map and identify the geometry of our veins must detect blood flow before it confirms and declares you as you. Perhaps, the Boo Hag will be unable to steal my identity. Perhaps something is still reserved for the living — or, at the least, the wizards of hacking.





# Short-lived Ideas: **SOCIAL MEDIA DIETING**

Timeline

About

Photos

Friends

More



## Post

By Amanda Taylor...



For months I've tried to avoid being the stereotypical millennial girl, but I can't keep up the lie: I'm addicted to technology. Let me be more specific, I'm addicted to social media. I know, I know — it's tragic. I'm the girl the generation before us hates. I bump into you because I'm too busy texting, ask you to repeat yourself because I have to retweet Lena Dunham's latest post, interrupt you in the middle of what I'm sure is an excellent story, but only because I really need to send this Snapchat out, and maybe, if you're lucky, I'll ask you to repeat yourself one more time.

Every morning is the same. I wake up, try to convince myself I don't have to be a slave to society, go to school, backtrack my statement as I remind myself that I can't eat ramen forever, and then check Twitter, Instagram, and Snapchat all before I leave my bed. It's practically the same routine at night. Sometimes, if I wake up and my computer is too far to reach, I go for my phone and check what people are up to at three in the morning. For the most part, I know there won't be many new posts, but maybe I'll get lucky and find something to look at for a little bit. If my phone accidentally gets knocked off my bed, I'm in a drug-fiend panic pulling the covers off my bed until the 4.54 inch piece of glass finds its way back into my hands.

I know that it's problem that I can't go more than a day without social media — in reality it's hard for me to go longer than six hours — but I wasn't completely ashamed until a professor proposed that my class go on a media diet. Hell no. Nope, no way was I doing it. I had other things I could do instead of check social media sites: read my new book, clean my room, finish work ahead of time, but I wanted to do all of those things and still know what was going on. When I told a friend about the assignment, and my refusal to actually complete it, I was taken back by her response:

"You don't think it's kind of sad," she said, "you can't go on social media for a weekend without freaking out?"

*Um, no. Okay, maybe. Alright, I'll do it.* As I contemplated it, I began to find it refreshing knowing I would be out of the loop.

"It'll be like a juice cleanse, right?" I asked her in hopes of being reassured.

"Right," she said, "a juice cleanse!" And then she told me it would be good to, you know, be productive this weekend or something.

Days later, I took what I'd hoped would be my last Snapchat of the weekend as the stewardess announced we were departing. I fell asleep for the majority of the plane ride only to be woken up as the same

stewardess announced that if I looked to my left I could see some rocks that resemble the Grand Canyon, and if I looked to my right I would see the unforgettable Vegas strip.

Yeah, I was supposed to avoid all social media while I was in Vegas. Vegas! If anywhere, what better place is there to annoy your friends back home with endless tweets, Instagram shots, and Snapchats other than Vegas? I mean, it's called Sin City. I was going to be "sinning," and couldn't even live document all I was damning myself to hell for.



**Amanda Taylor**



1 day ago at 4:35pm • Las Vegas, NV

"I mean, it's called Sin City. I was going to be "sinning," and couldn't even live document all I was damning myself to hell for."

15 people like this

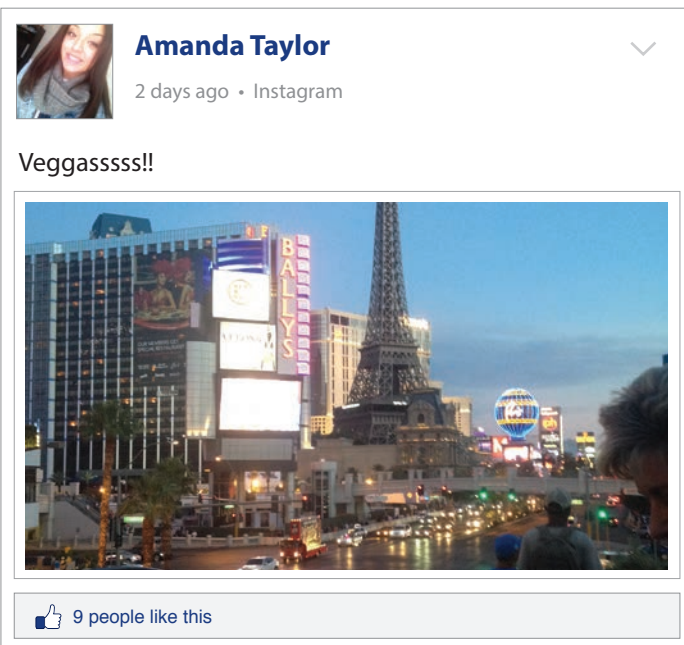
We got to the hotel — Caesar's Palace — and I wanted to take my cliché photo: me in front of the hotel to which I would caption "Is this the real Caesar's Palace?" The pool was huge, the statues were huge, the surrounding everything was huge. And I wasn't supposed to show anyone where I was until I got back home three days later. Ha.

I failed — horribly. Miserably. I took the "basic" Snapchat of my drink with the caption "Vegas," I tweeted something along the lines of "Veggassss," and I highly considered taking another picture of another drink with a similar drunk-girl caption. More Snapchats were sent out, and with every response I got, I *had* to respond. I knew I was supposed to be staying off, not even for the assignment, but for the comment that my friend made. It was sad that I felt the need to show exactly where I was and what I was doing. But not so sad that I'd stop.

The next day we were going to a pool party at Wet Republic where Tiesto, an EDM DJ whose latest hit "Wasted" topped the charts this summer, was performing. I'm not a huge EDM fan, but I was really hoping to hear the catchy lyrics "I like us better when we're wasted/

It makes it easier to fake it/The only time we really talk/ Is when our clothes are coming off.” The party started true to Vegas style at 11 AM, but Tiesto wasn’t supposed to be there until 4 o’clock. I was going to be in the pool, so I didn’t feel the need to be on my phone, but five hours is a *long* time to be in a pool.

Fun fact about Vegas pool parties: Girls don’t really go in the water, all in the good effort to keep their hair and makeup perfect for their endless search of the perfect Vegas selfie. I can’t tell you the amount of girls and guys on their phones taking pictures that they would later post on Instagram or Facebook. I checked my phone occasionally, mostly to take pictures and send them via text to my best friend and mom, trying to stay up with my “diet.” Are you ready for the shocking plot twist? I couldn’t freakin’ do it.



I took a few more pictures, found the right one to post, uploaded it to Instagram and captioned it “What happens in Vegas....” I feel like I should be clear and say that when I post pictures, I’m not necessarily intrigued by “likes” that a lot of people enjoy, but rather to let people know that I’m actually out of my bedroom, which is a rare occurrence. I managed to refrain from Twitter after I made time to favorite a tweet, but ended up posting two ten-second videos on Snapchat of the party when Tiesto was finally on. The dry sun was taking no mercy on us and after too many hours of the pool, music, and \$36 drinks, we called it a day.

I was convinced I was going to either throw up or die of heatstroke during the ten-minute taxi ride back to our hotel. I wasn’t, however, going to die without checking the latest scoop. I glanced at Twitter, scrolled through Instagram, sent a text or two. By the time we got back to the hotel, I was convinced I needed a nap. I let my phone charge

Like • Comment • Share

Write a comment...

while my attempt to nap was failing — the music from the pool was loud, it was still fairly early, and though I was too tired to do anything super fun, I was not too tired to shop.

Everybody else was napping and I didn’t want to walk the strip alone, so I coaxed my boyfriend-at-the-time’s mother to come along with me. We didn’t have a destination in mind, just a shopping center that wasn’t in Caesar’s, and we walked until we decided on a place. On the way we saw male strippers whose bodies looked like the inspiration for Michelangelo’s “David,” and I so badly wanted to Snapchat a picture. I refrained and kept walking, taking one more peek at the men before our imaginary relationship ended. We passed show girls, street performers and other hotels, but I only stopped to take a picture of the mock Eiffel Tower. Not wanting to be rude to my now ex’s mother, I kept my phone away for most of our time together. The two hours we were shopping was the only time I was truly away from my phone that whole vacation.

The next day it was nearly impossible to not post anything — I went *into* the Grand Canyon. I didn’t just see the Grand Canyon; I took a helicopter ride into it, and there was absolutely no way I wasn’t going to post a picture of that. For obvious reasons, there was no cellphone service, so I couldn’t post a picture until we got back to the airport. Even though I knew that there was no service, I kept going to my phone, clicking on apps, and would quickly exit out once I remembered that my phone use was limited in the canyon. In all honesty, that was the one time when I didn’t care that I couldn’t be on anything. The experience was so surreal, and I wanted to soak it all up, but I still kept checking my phone out of instinct.

The trip ended just as fast as it began and I thought I could easily avoid my phone on the way back home. And then I saw Miles Teller. I thought I saw him when we were at Wet Republic, but his cabana was too far away for me to catch a good glimpse. For those who are unsure who Teller is, he was in movies like *Project X*, *The Spectacular Now*, *That Awkward Moment*, and *Divergent*. At first, I was just taking pictures of him from afar and sending them to my friend who likes him as much as I do. I was content with the fact that I even saw him, but then I saw him walking in my direction and knew that I had to take a picture. I casually asked him to for a quick photo, to which he agreed. Generally, I don’t handle meeting celebrities that well. In the past, I’ve stumbled on words or had excruciating word vomit, so I thought I handled this pretty well except for the fact I was shaking with excitement.

I sent my mom a picture and she insisted I put it online immediately. I tried to wait, but I only lasted 20 minutes before the picture was on Facebook and Instagram. I captioned the picture as “my boo” on FB and “I think he loves me” on Instagram. I kept getting notifications after the pics went up and decided to end whatever was left of my failed media diet. By the time I got home, my friend knew I’d failed miserably. She’d seen my posts, received my Snapchats, and liked my pictures.

“It’s alright,” she said, “at least you tried, right?”

I told her I felt like I could’ve done better, maybe next time it would be easier. I was home and finally able to do whatever I pleased with no imaginary constraints. “Did you hear what I said?” she asked, my eyes fixated on my phone. No, I hadn’t heard. I was too busy trying to find the right filter for a “back-at-home” selfie.



# A TECHNICAL MEANS TO AN END \_

<An interview with Dr. Arne Flaten>

<div class="subhead">

This semester I had the opportunity to sit down with the chair of the art department and art historian, Dr. Arne Flaten, to talk to him about the advancements in technology and their impacts on today. - Emilee Rosen

</div>

**<Emilee Rosen>** I've heard that you're passionate about technological advances. Would you agree with that statement?

**<Arne Flaten>** I would agree, but not without caveats. The application of various technologies to almost all sectors of society is exciting, and is vital to continued growth and prosperity. At CCU, the Ashes2Art program puts technology at the forefront of the learning paradigm in the humanities, and provides opportunities for students beyond what other colleges and universities are doing. We've got a 3D printer in the visual arts program. It's straight out of the Jetsons. There's a limit, though: Technology should not obscure or overwhelm content. You may impress people with "cool" effects, but once the dust settles there needs to be real content in the classroom and in life.

**<ER>** What are you so passionate about?

**<AF>** As a teacher, technology allows for a much richer classroom experience at all levels; it can save time when preparing lectures and allow for extraordinary learning opportunities that were unthinkable 15 years ago; I can bring in flythrough animations, panoramic photos, video clips, etc. As a researcher, there are great opportunities for discovery and information dissemination ranging from infrared reflectography and ground penetrating radar to online linked databases. The possibilities are almost endless.

**<ER>** What's one piece of current technology you wish you had growing up?

**<AF>** Just about anything. I mean, just having a simple cell phone would have been amazingly cool. We didn't have cable TV or video games. When I was a kid, it was the very beginning back then you could get Pong. You laugh, but it's true. It was a big deal when we got Pong at my house. My friends had an Atari, and you could play Space Invaders the cool stuff. That would've been a wonderful way to destroy my mind as a child. When I was younger, we had four channels on TV and now you have 200 — anything you could possibly want. You can always find an episode of *Law and Order* on 24/7 somewhere, "chung, chung."

There are all kinds of things that would've been cool, and that's just in terms of how a kid thinks: games, movies to watch, that kind of stuff. But, the idea of home computers nobody had a computer. Home computers did not really exist unless you got a Commodore 64 or you were going to build your own Heath kit computer. I mean, the Internet did not even exist. The Internet I think is a great thing; I think it's also a dangerous thing there's just so much garbage. Social media just coming out your ears. It can be a lot.

**<ER>** What have been your favorite recent(ish) technological advancements?

**<AF>** So many options. Everything from space travel to personal computers, from medical advances to anti-lock brakes, from streaming video and satellite TV to microwaves and air



conditioning. Thank God for microwaves we use microwaves a lot at home; it's a nice way to heat those leftovers up. It was all new technology at some point, and it all becomes the standard fairly quickly. Two years ago, I brought home one of those old rotary telephones, plugged it in, and it worked perfectly. My kids thought it was so cool; my youngest picked up the receiver and said "How does it work?" I smiled and showed her.

<ER> Is there any technology that you wish did not exist?

<AF> Yes. I am going to be the crazy person here. A lot of times I think things like the Internet are more negative than positive. I don't like the idea that you can get instructions for how to build a pipe bomb or that you can get manuals for how to abduct people. This information age there's a good side and a bad side to it. It's the bad side that makes me nervous very nervous. I'm not a conspiracy theorist at all, but they are probably not all that far off on how things can go wrong, like cloning. I mean, I don't want a clone. I always keep going back to cloning. Just because you can figure out how to do something doesn't mean you should do it, right? I mean what the hell happens? I will say that if I want to go to the dark side, of course there's a logicalness to not just dismiss the kind of stuff that is going on in *Terminator*. That's something that could happen. I love that quotation from *Jurassic Park* where Jeff Goldblum's character quips, "Scientists were so preoccupied with whether they could do something that they never stopped to ask if they should do it." That's the problem, and it's huge ethical dilemma. At some point when artificial intelligence is truly here, what's to stop intelligent machines from making their own decisions? Watch the recent film, *Transcendence* with Johnny Depp. C'mon, man it's the basis for countless sci-fi movies, but a lot of sci-fi stuff becomes reality over time, right? Ask Syd Mead. He just lectured at CCU about technology and the future; he designed the DeLorean before it was a DeLorean. If you design machines that are truly intelligent — things that can actually make decisions, think for themselves, that might actually have feelings it's going to be very scary. At some point those machines are going to say, "Why do we need the humans doing this stuff for us?" They are going to ask whether they are enslaved to us, so why wouldn't they rise up and resist? That only makes sense. If you create something, you'd better be careful of what it is you cannot predict. That's the crazy person side of me.

<ER> What are your concerns for future technology?

<AF> My real concerns for future technology have less to do with the technologies themselves and more to do with how they can be used. I fully understand the interest in H.U.D. (heads up display) for various applications especially in the military but Google Glass, for the general population, in my opinion, is a huge problem. All your conversations can be recorded without your consent. People can, or will be able to, drive while watching videos, even porn. If you think texting and driving is a problem, just wait. And Google Glass is only the beginning; it won't take long before the same technology is routinely part of contact lenses or surgically attached lenses. I think smart phones are making people more stupid. In fact, I know they are: brains get lazy people immediately Google something instead of using their brains to remember things. The idea of just hanging out and chatting like you and I are doing, face to face, has become such a rarity. It's funny but also sad. You see a couple out on a

date and they are both just looking at their phones, not even talking to each other. Look around campus between classes, everyone walks around looking at their phones; it's like an episode of *The Walking Dead*. People just don't talk to each other anymore. We are becoming detached. You detach from building real communities to these sort of e-communities, where people are friends with all kinds of people they don't know who these people really are.

<ER> Do you think, because of technology, that people have become desensitized and unaware of how dangerous its presence in their life can be? That people do not think about or choose not to think about the fact that these people they are talking to could be dangerous. Do think that would be accurate to say?

<AF> Yes, I mean even the backup videos that are in your car are dangerous; I think people tend to rely on them, and they are not actually looking around. So yeah, you might not run over the kid on the tricycle if you are looking at this thing, but you might not actually see that there is a semi-truck coming from this direction or that direction because it has not actually pulled into the viewfinder of the camera. You can get complacent. There are so many things on the Internet that are accessible for children that shouldn't be, and there is no real way to police it properly. It's very difficult to convince a younger child that "No, you can't give out your private information." They think it is just another ten-year-old kid. You don't actually know if that is another ten-year old or a forty-eight year old who is pretending to be ten and chatting with you. I have three daughters, and there are a lot of freaks out there, and that scares me.

<ER> In your personal life, with your family, do you try to keep them away from an excess amount of technology?

<AF> Yes, I suppose. I mean, we go on long road trips, and it's great to have movies, or an infinite array of games on a small little tablet that the kids can be doing independently in the back seat, but you can't just stick your kid in front of *The Lion King* all day every day and think that it's a babysitter; that's surrogate parenting. That isn't a problem at our house. It is not something that with our kids we have had to really say, "Hey you are on this [device] too much." But with that said, my older two daughters have their iPhones and if they are both just constantly on it, I'll say, "There is nothing going on right now that you need to be keeping track of let's go play cards or Monopoly." We play a lot of board games with the kids, so it's all of us together doing stuff so we're actually physically interacting. So it hasn't been so much of a problem in our lives, but I think so much of that is because my wife and I are aware of it.

<ER> What kind of technology would you like to see come to be?

<AF> Here's the funny thing: Late '70s, I remember watching the James Bond movie, *Thunderball*, where this dude in the opening sequence was able to fly out of there with this jetpack. It was the real deal. It wasn't studio trickery. Late '70s, at the Super Bowl, the Rams were playing the Pittsburgh Steelers, and at half time this dude flies in from outside the stadium and lands in the center of the field with a jetpack, and it's the real deal. I remember thinking to myself, that's where it's going, right there. Twenty years from now everybody is going to have a jetpack. I was absolutely

convinced, and I am shocked: Here we are 2014, and nobody has jetpacks. Well, the problem is you have to make a jetpack that's going to be safe, right? So that it doesn't burn somebody when I take off. That's part of it. You also have people just flying around up there, running into each other. Or what if the jetpack goes out and you are 100 feet up? You're dead. There are no stop signals or lanes it would be chaos in the air. I mean just think what this campus would be like if everyone had portable jetpack. I mean, you could just fly to UP, right? You would have people dropping like flies all over 544; they would just be bonking into one another. So my idea of what was going to happen back then didn't happen. Would it still be cool to have jetpacks? Hell yeah that would be awesome.

This is part of where people might think I'm going to go off the rails. My grandfather was born in 1900, and he died in 1976. Think about that. When he was born, nobody had a car, and now everyone has a car. Nobody had a radio or television; there weren't rockets; there weren't people on the moon; there weren't computers. Now there's all this stuff.

For there to be an equivalent change in society, something paradigm-changing is going to have to happen, and it seems crazy but I keep thinking about time travel. I don't know enough about it. Does anyone know enough about whether this is a theoretical possibility? I don't know if that is ever going to happen. I don't know if it's just bending the laws of physics. Is that possible?

It's not a question of if, it's a question of when are we going to be able to travel significantly farther out into space. We talk about these billions of stars well, most of these billions of stars have planets, and do I think that there is life out there? I think it's impossible to think that there isn't life out there. I don't have any idea what that means or if it's intelligent life or algae or whatever. But is there going to be life on some other planet? Somewhere out in a different galaxy? I can only assume yes. We are not alone. I don't think little green men are coming down; I don't think they are the ones that gave us the tools to build the great pyramids, or that they are pulling us up for great experiments but there is something out there. So being able to get our rockets to go really fast would be cool. Light's moving at 186,000 miles a second, right? So the closer you can get to that I think the more exponentially you can travel to see what's there. It's just a great disappointment of mine that the space race has slowed down. We won, I guess. NASA's funding has been cut incrementally for decades, and I don't know if that [extended space travel] will happen.

<ER> Do you worry about technology?

<AF> I think I worry about it enough to just be smart about it without being somebody who sort of dwells on it. But then again, I think technology can be an answer. I don't think technology for technology's sake is an answer. I think that's a bad thing.

<ER> Is there anything that you would like to add, a final closing?

<AF> I don't know. You'd probably rather be talking to someone who's a little bit crazier. I mean, I'm invested in technology and I'm not. I'm someone who has no interest in reading a book on an iPad or a Nook. I like the physical artifact; so to straddle the fence, I like all the new advancements, but I also like just a dusty old book.

If you design machines that are truly intelligent — things that can actually make decisions, think for themselves, that might actually have feelings it's going to be very scary.

At some point those machines are going to say,

“Why do we need the humans doing this stuff for us?”

If you create something, you'd better be careful of what it is you cannot predict.\_

Dr. Arne Flaten  
Chair, Department of  
Visual Arts & Professor  
of Art History





# THE AFTERLIFE OF TECHNOLOGY

BY ESTHER CROMPTON



**5 million**

Tons of electronics were sitting forgotten in storage across the United States in 2009.



**255,000**

Tons of computers, 17,200 tons of mobile devices, and 401,000 monitors were found in landfills in the US in 2010.

My old Game Boy color — the white lettering on its buttons once readable, erased now by constant friction — sits somewhere, forgotten, alongside my old Samsung Reclaim that one day just gave up living. I don't use them, but still, I enjoy their presence from time to time.

We're a generation of upgraders: new cell phones, tablets, laptops, expensive video games — we buy, use, then replace. But, perhaps more importantly, we're a data culture: As in, our technology stores most the data of our lives.

I pass a finger over the faded Nintendo label and remember how my siblings and I spent an hour trying to figure how to get out of Ash's house to visit Professor Oak on Easter Morning; I can still slide in the small Pikachu case and see the final results: 138 Pokémon, 8 badges, and 98 hours of game play. I can't access the information on my Reclaim, but I remember what's there: video of a drunken friend — 21st birthday drunk — pretending to be Europa, orbiting in the grass around an empty champagne bottle while singing the opening to Lion King.

I'm not willing to part with the data of my outdated devices. So I save them. They're like copper-colored pennies — the ones you skip over, eyeing for silver — not valuable enough to reach for, but significant enough to keep around.

Sometimes I wonder what happens to our outdated gadgets nostalgia can't save when we reach out for a tempting, new upgrade. But, thanks to the EPA, I can recite the facts and figures:

5 million tons of electronics were sitting forgotten in storage across the United States in 2009.

142,000 computers, and over 416,000 mobile devices were thrown out or recycled each day in 2010.

255,000 tons of computers, 17,200 tons of mobile devices, and 401,000 monitors were found in landfills in the US in 2010.

168,000 tons of computers, 2,230 tons of mobile devices, and 194,000 tons of monitors were recycled in the US in 2010. The EPA has no method of calculating how many tons of recyclables were exported to countries like China, Nigeria, Pakistan, and India.

But that's not what I'm after.

I want to know what happens to the bits and pieces of us — after life with us is over: the hateful words; the please forgive me messages; the traces of saliva on your headset; the unfinished quests and slain dragons; the lols, omgs and selfies with llamas; the earwax on your favorite headphones; the finger prints and flakes of skin; the random voicemails from friends about the oddities everyday tedium that never get deleted. What happens? Do they die when thrown away — or are they waiting to be found again?

Maybe, the afterlife of technology is to secure ours. We're defined by what we leave behind, and we leave an awful lot of ourselves behind in our discarded technology. Perhaps one day after human life is over someone will stumble upon my old Samsung Reclaim. I hope so, because a drunken guy singing "The Circle of Life" would make a great impression.



**168,000**

Tons of computers, 2,230 tons of mobile devices, and 194,000 tons of monitors were recycled in the US in 2010.



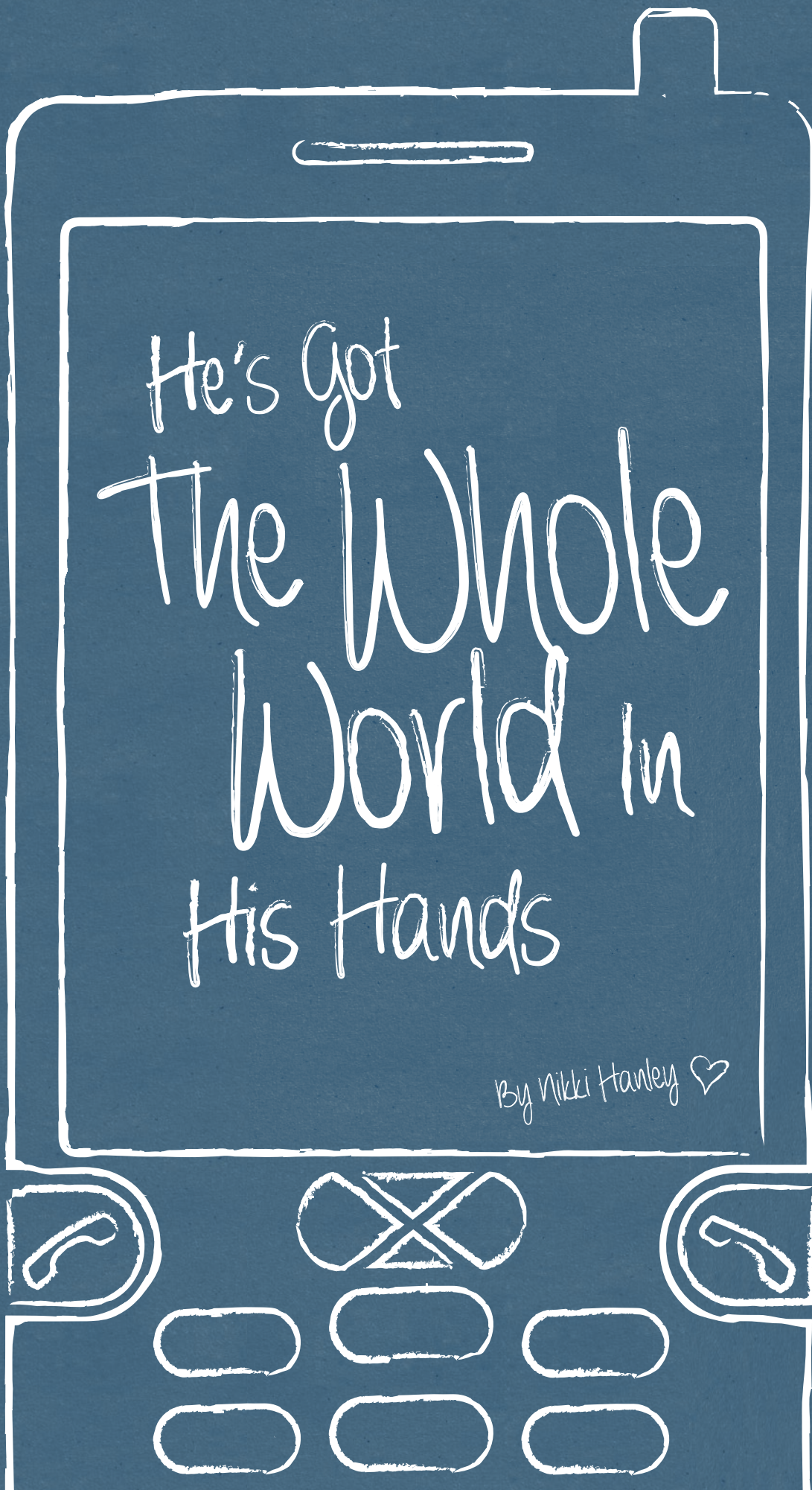
**142,000**

Computers, and over 416,000 mobile devices were thrown out or recycled each day in 2010.



He's Got  
The Whole  
World In  
His Hands

By Nikki Hanley ♡





## Cellphone Rules:

- #1 No boys' phone numbers.
- #2 No cellphone after 9:00.
- #3 Mom and Daddy can go through your phone at any time.

STRATHAM, N.H. — “Linda F. (Yurko) Hanley, 60, a former resident of Billerica, died in Derry on Saturday, Aug. 21, a day short of her 61st birthday, from injuries sustained in an automobile accident.”<sup>1</sup>

Nana, on her way home from the Mall of New Hampshire where she was a Macy’s department store sales associate, was on the phone with her daughter who told us that, in the final hours of Nana’s sixtieth year, her last words were, “Oh, shit —”. There was a loud crash and a muffled sob. Deb was orphaned overnight. She called my dad in Florida where we’d gone on vacation that summer. It wasn’t until we landed in Boston the next day that I found out what happened. I was eleven. My dad’s heart hurt so bad he couldn’t cry; I wondered where my Nana went.

After she died, I talked to her in my diary:

*It doesn’t have to be criminal evidence that people want to keep private — we all have things in our lives that we don’t want to share with anyone.*<sup>2</sup>

Sometimes I worried my mom might find it and read it, but that was all. Eventually she did, and that was okay, too. No one could tell me what to think or say or feel. No one could change how I spelled my words or how I thought my thoughts. Only Nana heard me, I was alive — in a place more real than any I’ve since known.

I turned thirteen on Friday, December 2005. My dad, his girlfriend Latifa, and I had all packed our snowboards and gear into her Ford F-150 for a two-hour drive from Milford, Massachusetts to the Berkshires. It was already the best birthday ever and the weekend had barely started. In the backseat, I wrote in my diary. Its flowered cover was peppered with sticky lip-gloss kisses, and some of the pink pages were married by the same goo on the inside. Latifa had been there when Nana died.

*I feel like I could be anything with you.*<sup>3</sup>

We arrived and checked into our hotel at Jiminy Peak — surrounded by a glittering-white desert and freshly topped with powder from a snowstorm earlier that day. I was stoked for the three days of open slopes ahead of us. First, though: hot tub, which we’d all agreed on the drive there. I threw on a bikini over my mosquito bites and chicken legs and covered up with a t-shirt. When I came out of the bathroom, my dad and Latifa were already changed, sitting on one of the ugly-printed hotel double beds with a small box between them. I was getting spoiled this year. My dad handed me the small wrapped box and with one tear the wrappings fell away.

“Yessss!” I hissed, bouncing on my heels, the box clasped between my hands. “Thank you so much!”

I wrapped my arms around my dad’s neck, then shyly hugged Latifa sitting beside him. Inside shined the small, silver nugget: my first cellphone.

“I love technology,  
But not as much as you, you see.  
But I still love technology,  
Always and forever.”<sup>4</sup>

A Samsung X660: built-in camera and the first two levels of Snake for free. I remember the glare that lit my eyes with the screen when I first powered it on. It was privacy. I cradled my phone in my hands like a fragile newborn, adoring how it flipped up in the palm of my hand. No more worrying about my mom or step dad answering the phone when my friends called, or listening in on the other line.



*"We must be willing to pay a price for freedom."<sup>5</sup>*

Dad's rules were simple: 500 texts a month and shared minutes. I wondered what it meant to share minutes before casting the idea away. I didn't know it then, but before the next Thanksgiving, my dad and his girlfriend would move 800 miles down the coast from Lincoln, New Hampshire to Myrtle Beach. Cellphone calls and texts would be my only communication to my lifeline for eleven months out of the year, and it would be six years before I saw my dad on my birthday again. All I knew then, just hours into thirteen years old, was my shiny silver cellphone was my first step to growing up.

When I wasn't with my dad, which was often, I was at home in Massachusetts with my mom, my stepdad, and four younger siblings: two sisters, five and six years old; and two brothers, "the babies," eight months and two (the youngest wasn't born yet).

Irritated when my dad dropped me off late that Sunday evening after my birthday, John commented on the silver nugget in my hand. "A cellphone, really?"

I rolled my eyes. I knew my step dad wouldn't like it. He immediately set his rules.

Rule #1: No boys' phone numbers. Rule #2: No cellphone after 9:00. Rule #3: Mom and Daddy can go through your phone at any time.

The first rule was lost pretty fast. Boys seemed to be the first to get cellphones; at the time I was one of the only girls. They were starting to get dating crazy, but I knew I would never be allowed. (Rule #1 [edited]: Okay, you can text, but NO boyfriends until 16) Texting was a glamorous privilege. I didn't have AIM, the main way everyone learned the most used acronyms — LMFAO, TTYL, LYLAS (GTFO with that shit) — that integrated into text messaging as more and more tweens/teens got cellphones. AIM and buddy profiles were the main line of gossip and the "who's dating who," which changed on a weekly basis. I could never keep up. Not without my cellphone.

ILY so much Jimmy 4EVERaeaeae <33333 single ;)

I didn't talk to a lot of my girl friends outside of school. Sometimes we spoke on their home lines, but often those, too, were blocked. Remember dial-up internet?

I started texting more and more. My dad noticed on our statement and upgraded our plan to include unlimited texts. The best thing ever. It started with two boys: Evan Cheney, who gave me the latest scoop: the AIM drama and the girls my "boyfriend" talked to in class; and Billy Kinsherf, who sent me text messages usually around 4:00 — right after he finished his daily HBO porn. We were thirteen. I didn't know what a blow job was, but I pretended I did, and when he told me about the girl straddling because "it wuz soooo sexy lol," I LOL'd right back. I made sure to delete Billy Kinsherf's text messages every couple days. (Rule #3 didn't come up often, only John took my phone to look through it, ever, and I learned fast to be prepared when it did.)

*"...many children are viewing...pornography and other damaging material at a very early age and the nature of that pornography is so extreme it is distorting their view of sex and relationships."<sup>6</sup>*

The second rule was easy for the first year. John would poke his head in right around 9:00, and I, tucked under my comforter practicing spells and dreaming of another world behind the dust-jacketed Harry Potter, would look up and mark my page.

"Lights out, Nik."

He'd ask me where my phone was and I'd answer, "In the cubbyhole, above the counter, next to the fridge," where it was supposed to be.

He stopped asking after a while; we only said goodnight. I started listening for his footsteps padding the oatmeal carpet in my little sisters' bedroom right beside mine, where he would tuck Maggie and Erin into their bunk beds. I would wait, watching for the shadows of his feet underneath the door. I would wait to hear the same routine in my brothers' room: Danny, then the faint tinkling of "Twinkle, Twinkle Little Star" from baby Eric's mobile. Sweet dreams. I heard the last door — his bedroom where my mom would be waiting — shut, and a familiar click of the lock that only meant one thing.

*"It might as well be admitted that sex is a disgrace."<sup>7</sup>*

I counted to thirty to make sure he wasn't coming back out before tossing off my covers and slipping out my bedroom door. I crept down the stairs, hopping the one wooden step at the bottom in the foyer, sock-sliding across the hardwood kitchen floor Tom Cruise style, and grabbing my cellphone from the cubbyhole before sprinting back up, taking the steps two at a time, and into bed.

*"Enter by the narrow gate. For the gate is wide and the way is easy that leads to destruction, and those who enter by it are many. For the gate is narrow and the way is hard that leads to life, and those who find it are few."<sup>8</sup>*

In eighth grade, I started texting Chris. He was my best friend because our hurt matched: We were both 14, awkward and lonely, and he never tried to fix me. I was grateful for that. On those nights, the glows from our phones in our dark bedrooms were the only signs of life; we were asleep to the outside world. Our deepest secrets warped in cyberspace, sent from Samsung X660 to black Moto RAZR ten miles from his house to mine — though, at the time, I had no idea where he lived. We texted almost every day and night until I fell asleep.

I wish you were in this room with me right now.

I wish I could put my arms around you.

I wish I could touch you.<sup>3</sup>



That same year Chris texted me that he loved me, and I wasn't ready for it. I don't remember what I texted back — if I texted at all. When you don't know how to respond to a text message, or simply don't want to, the most effective brush-off is to pretend it never went through. When he asks, you can say you never got it.

Sometimes it's hard to remember that the words behind a text message are still from a human being.

By the time I was in high school, the most important thing to me was having a cellphone and sending text messages, 24/7 — I sent nine-thousand something in one month. I was a freshman with a douchey sophomore boyfriend, and the text messaging train was steamrolling through our high school social lives.

My mom had another baby when I was fifteen. Still, I wasn't allowed to date, and I was always watching the kids on weekends, so we texted. After school, the second we walked away from each other — him to the skate park, me to the soccer field for practice or a game — he texted: “hey.”

Gregory Flumere

April 7 10:30 PM

One of my pet peeves is when people don't text you back. We all know everyone is on their phone 24/7 :(<sup>9</sup>

Still, I made phone calls to other cellphones and home phone lines. When my dad moved to South Carolina, my cellphone was my salvation. Still, I worried someone was listening. I could only tell my dad so much — knowing someone, somewhere could hear me.

“Personal conversations and business conversations are intended for people on each end of the phone — not for a room full of people or those walking along the street, relaxing on a park bench, or waiting in a doctor's office. Nor should these conversations be inflicted on people relieving themselves in a public bathroom, enjoying a cup of tea in a restaurant, or deciding which bottle of juice or which shirt to buy inside a store, or locked in an elevator with no escape.”<sup>2</sup>

It was January of my freshman year when my stepdad took it all away. I remember it was snowing. He came into my room and snatched my pink Sanyo SCP-200 — my silver Samsung having fallen victim to the toilet — from my hands.

“You're done.” He slammed my bedroom door behind him.

He'd caught me, more than once, on my phone well into the early-morning hours; he'd watched me wander around the house in a daze, zone out on the couch with no consciousness of anything but the words and letters on a two-inch screen that I flipped up in front of my face. I took pride in typing flawlessly, keeping full eye contact with my parents and teachers, my phone in my lap, sitting opposite, and responding to all my text messages with silent twiddling thumbs

in 160 characters. Laughing at their idiocy, I thought, “I'm smarter than all of you.”

Without my phone, I had nothing.

“You're not my fucking dad!” I screamed over and over again. My confused teenage emotions raging like an avalanche, I tore down every picture and poster taped up to my bedroom walls, wiped the top of my dresser clean, sending jewelry and books and picture frames crashing to the floor. A piece of me, I felt, was gone.

I threw myself down on the bed, crying; I screamed into my pillow until I couldn't breathe anymore. My face swollen by tears, I swiped ferociously to hide them. I didn't cry, I told myself — but when I did, it was usually in this fashion.

I could use the house phone to call my dad, John said. But I was grounded otherwise. Still, my boyfriend needed to talk to me. I snuck onto my friends' AIMs and Facebook when I could, but that wasn't good enough.

“Just find a phone,” he told me one day at my locker.

<sup>1</sup> Obituary. August 22, 2003.

<sup>2</sup> Dr. Karen Gail Lewis. “Relationships can be ruined by cellphones.” January 27, 2009.

<sup>3</sup> “Her” Spike Jonze

<sup>4</sup> “Napoleon Dynamite” Jared Hess

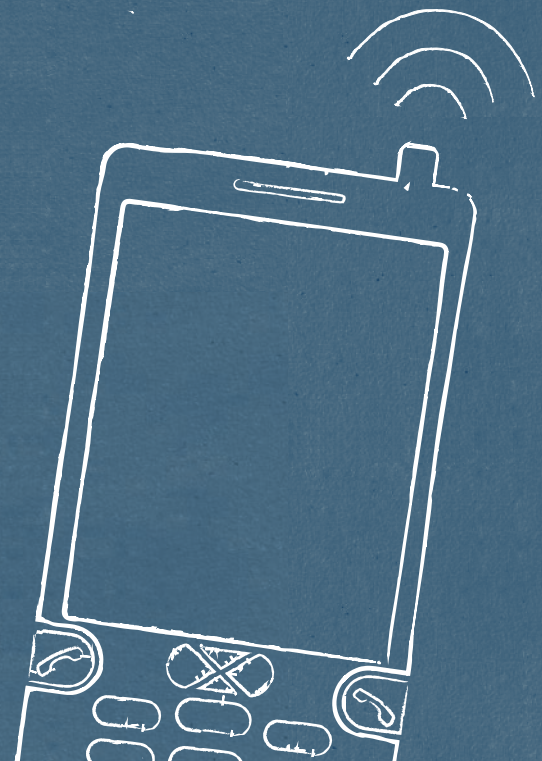
<sup>5</sup> H L Mencken

<sup>6</sup> rom British PM David Cameron's “Internet and pornography” speech July 22, 2013. [www.gov.uk](http://www.gov.uk)

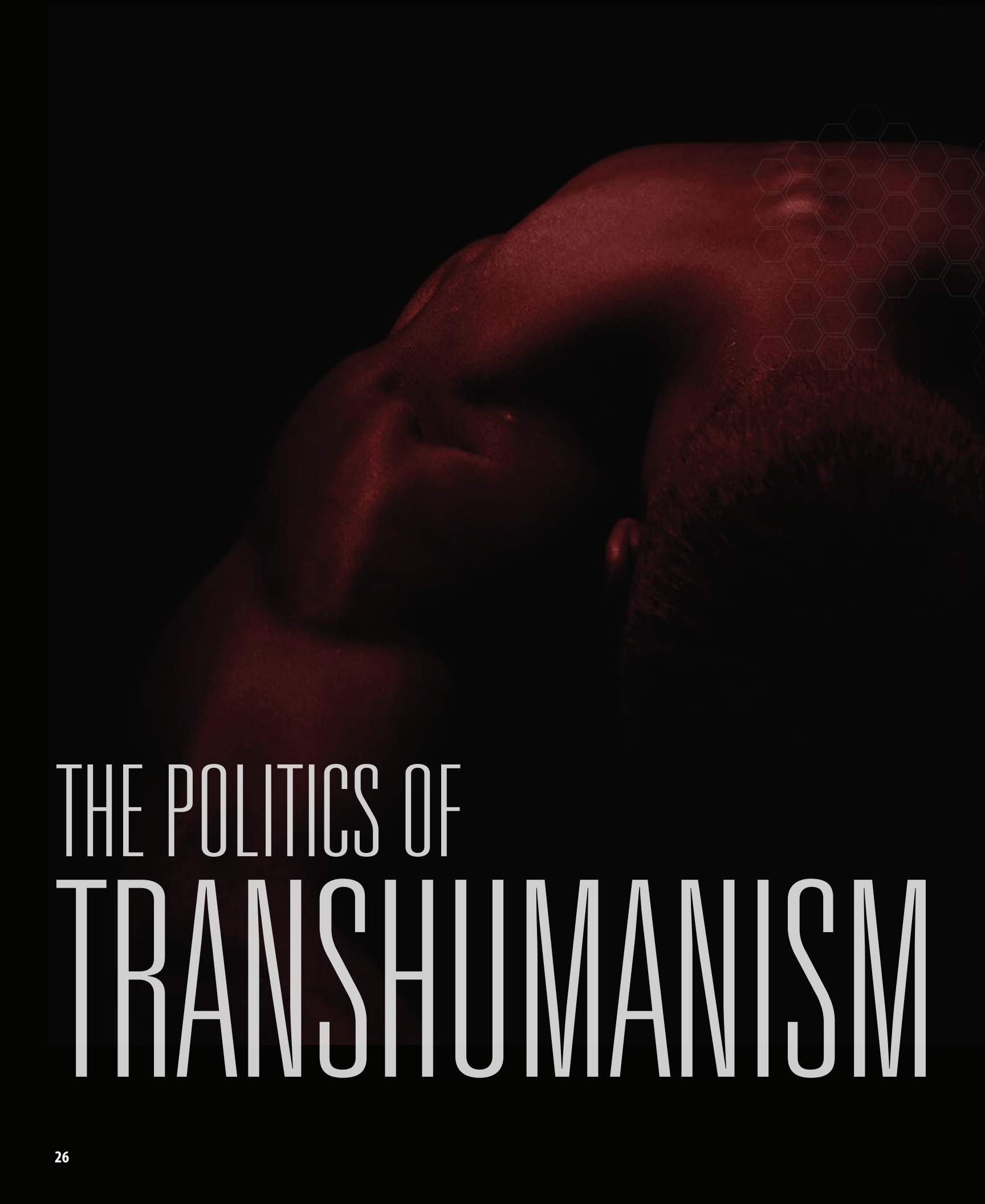
<sup>7</sup> Michael Warner. *The Trouble with Normal: Sex, Politics, and the Ethics of Queer Life*. 1999.

<sup>8</sup> Matthew 7:13-14

<sup>9</sup> Facebook post: Gregory Flumere. April 7, 2014







# THE POLITICS OF TRANSHUMANISM



# Bostrom's Core Values of Transhumanism and Fukuyama's Dissent

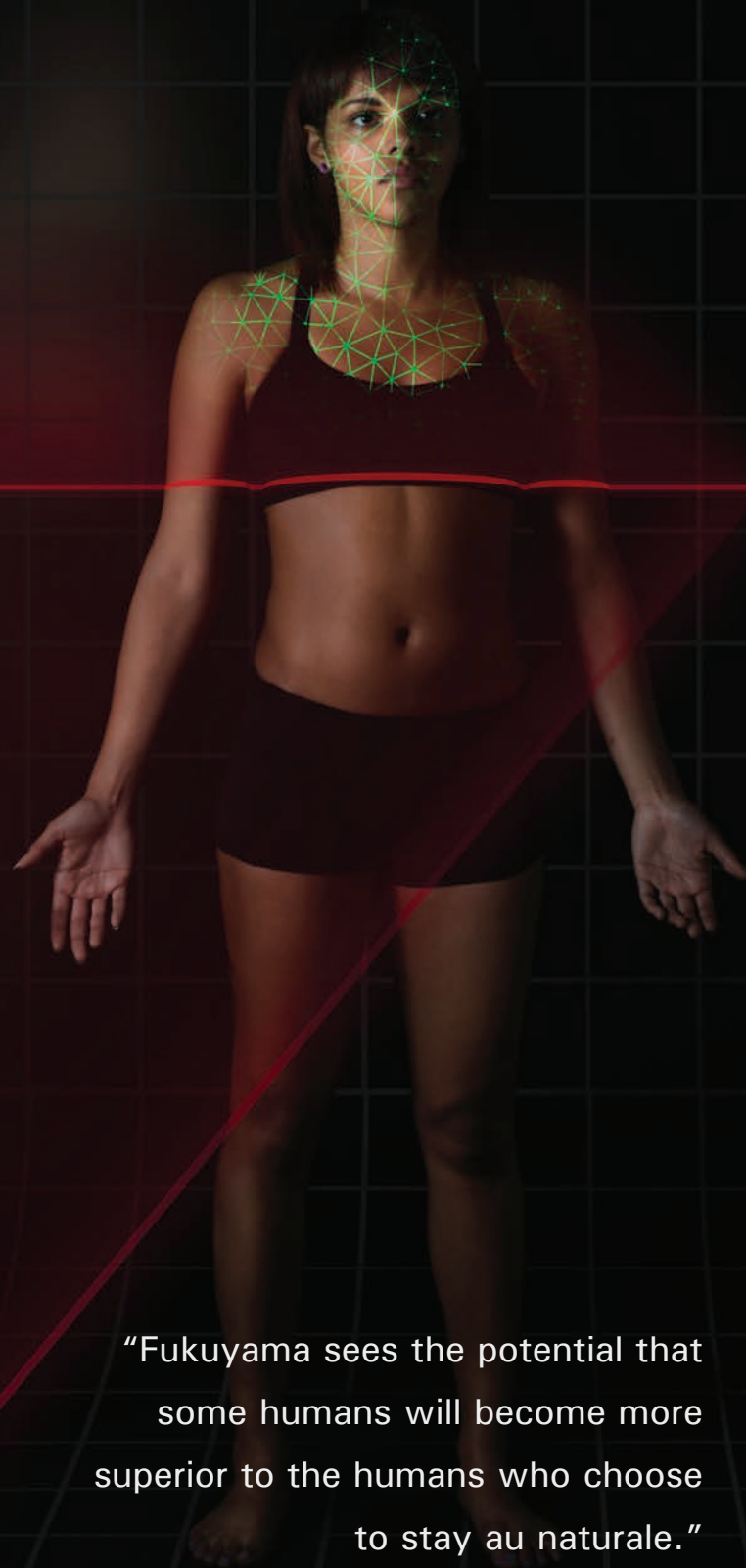
By Jan Skogarvordur

Shortly after the 20<sup>th</sup> century's ridiculous, harrowing global episode of intercontinental warfare, early visions of transhumanism came from dark illuminations born in war. It was a reaction to the complete and utter destruction we, *apes more than any other apes*, are so often capable of committing — and of the machines, or the extensions, we use to make it all *unhappen*. In *Daedalus: Science and Future*, J.B.S. Haldane, a British born evolutionary biologist, wrote of his realization of a posthumanist age. He described what he saw in war as a “blur of dust and fumes,” and then, “a great black and yellow masses [sic] of smoke which seem to be tearing up the surface of the earth and disintegrating the works of man with an almost visible hatred.” The machines, “those huge substantive oily black masses,” seemed to be the ones in control; therefore, in regards to the actual humans, “it seemed hard to believe that... [they] were the protagonists of the battle.” He saw men “running, with mad terror in their eyes, from gigantic steel slugs, which were deliberately, relentlessly and successfully pursuing them.” Was the Greek proverb coming to fruition? If, in some cultures, the sun is metonymic for life or truth, is it not one for hubris in another? Is hubris universally fatal? What else can eradicate the dark recesses of history? From these observations, Haldane could have chose between: A) commonplace Luddism — or, what is sometimes less pejoratively referred to as bioconser-

vatism — and abandon all hope for the prospects of technology, or B) embrace technology to a degree that humans are able to transcend their own biological limitations by using technology to enhance their own evolutionary trajectory. Luckily (and for this article to have a premise) he chose the latter. To create balance between us and the personified machine, there needed to be mechanized man. Through this realization he devised a scientific trinity regarding science in three points of view: (1) It is the free activity of man's divine faculties of reason and imagination; (2) secondly it is the answer of the few to the demands of the many for wealth, comfort and victory, gifts which it will grant only in exchange for peace, security and stagnation; (3) finally it is man's gradual conquest, first of space and time, then of matter as such, then of his own body and those of other living beings, and finally the subjugation of the dark and evil elements in his own soul.

Nearly a century later, a contemporary realization of these values was set in ink by Nick Bostrom, a Swedish philosopher from the University of Oxford, in his essay “Transhumanist Values.” In it Bostrom answers fundamental questions: What is Transhumanism? What human limitations are Transhumanists trying to eliminate? What are Transhumanism's core values? In regards to a definition, Bostrom wrote that it was “an interdisciplinary approach to understanding and evaluating the opportunities





"Fukuyama sees the potential that some humans will become more superior to the humans who choose to stay au naturel."



for enhancing the human condition and the human organism opened up by the advancement of technology.” He notes this is already being done with genetic engineering and information technology, but that future technologies like “molecular nanotechnology and artificial intelligence” will have the same effect. He also states that transhumanists do not limit what they consider is technology to “just gadgets,” but also consider “medicine... economic, social and institutional designs, cultural development, and psychological skills and techniques,” as well. When it comes to what exactly needs to be changed about humans, Bostrom claims everything. According to Bostrom, and transhumanists in general, “human nature as a work-in-progress, a half-baked beginning that we can learn to remold in desirable ways.” These shortcomings include “aging, disease, feeble memories and intellects, a limited emotional repertoire, and inadequate capacity for sustained well-being.” However in a world where we’re more apt to see technology peppering toddlers in crowded, urban combat zones, instead of offering a possibility of never ending life, it seems pretty reasonable to doubt this sort of optimism.

Bostrom’s counter argument explains the most important aspect of transhumanism is for “society be organized in such a manner that such explorations can be undertaken without causing unacceptable damage to the social fabric and without imposing unacceptable existential risks.” An existential risk is what Bostrom coined in 2002 as “one where an adverse outcome would either annihilate Earth originating intelligent life or permanently and drastically curtail its potential.” In other words, no blowing up the world, no doing anything that leads to the extinction of any animal, no doing anything that makes life harder for any animal or human. Equally, what Bostrom defines as “wide-access” is also requisite to the Transhumanist ethical framework. Wide-access is exactly what it sounds like: equal access to technology for all humans. Bostrom contends that ensuring wide-access we “reduce inequality, express solidarity and respect for fellow humans, increase the chance that everyday people and their loved ones can become posthuman, increase the range of posthuman realm that get’s explored, and alleviate human suffering on as wide a scale as possible.” Still, however, there are critics.

Francis Fukuyama, American author and former political adviser to the Reagan administration, is one of the strongest critics of transhumanism. In *Transhumanism — The World’s Most Dangerous Idea*, Fukuyama writes that Transhumanism’s

“seeming reasonableness” is actually “part of its danger.” In Fukuyama’s own, perhaps more extreme words, the “human race, after all, is a pretty sorry mess,” and when we look at its “stubborn diseases, physical limitations, and short lives... jealousies, violence, and constant anxieties, and the Transhumanist project begins to look downright reasonable.” Regardless, Fukuyama sees it as a theory that undermines slow and painful process of “political equality.” In other words, because our ancestors fought wars in the name of human dignity under slogans such as “We the People” or “We believe that all men are created equal,” and because transhumanism wishes to set

**“When it comes to what exactly needs to be changed about humans, Bostrom claims everything.”**

up a process where humans will no longer be “human” in the traditional sense, it nullifies doctrines like the Declaration of Independence. Therefore, Fukuyama sees a slippery slope where “if we start transforming ourselves into something superior,” how can we be sure “what rights will these enhanced creatures claim, and what rights will they possess when compared to those left behind?” In other words, Fukuyama sees the potential that some humans will become more superior to the humans who choose to stay au naturel. This is a strange argument because this is more in line with the limited-access way we currently distribute technology. Cultures who are more technological advanced are already more powerful. I’m sure people in Aleppo and Gaza City will attest to such. It doesn’t make sense that providing wide-access would widen instead of decrease this divide. To Fukuyama the greatest threat to equality and democracy are greater forms of equality and democracy.

Grasping at straws, Fukuyama’s resting argument is that Transhumanists just don’t get what being a human is all about. Fukuyama explains how they fail to understand “our good characteristics are intimately connected to our bad ones.” Somewhat ridiculously, and rather contrary to the rest of his argument, Fukuyama argues that violence, aggression, jealousy

and exclusivity are actually good things. *Why?* Because he believes they have occasionally functioned for human survival. It follows that pathetic neo-conservative thought process of greed is good because it spurs competition, and from competition comes innovation. He even goes as far to say that without jealousy there would not be love, and without exclusivity (i.e., racism, xenophobia, caste systems) we wouldn't be able to appreciate our "own kind." However faulty, the logic appears to be a popular train of thought, and it is no doubt that Fukuyama articulates a fiery polemic reaction that transhumanism often stokes.

Nevertheless, it's still hard to determine whether Fukuyama genuinely holds these anxieties himself, or if his opposition has more to do with a political and economic position that is far more specific than the universal notion of democracy mentioned in his writing. Fukuyama spent years embedded with the most conservative of conservatives, and he is noted for being a leading contributor in the formation of the Reagan Doctrine. For us of the Millennial persuasion, who may not be well versed in the Reagan Administration's foreign policy, that fact may appear to be trivial. However, the policy set out to train foreign fighters to combat socialism during the height of the Cold War. *Well, so what?* The answer, there are many aspects of Transhumanism's core values that are fundamentally "not-very-free-market-friendly." Although, Bostrom writes that "the poor track record of centrally planned efforts to create better people... shows that we need to be wary of collective decision-making in the field of human modification," Transhumanism advocates for things like free and universal healthcare, food, and education as well as a largely de-militarized and worker friendly planet. I also imagine that Fukuyama is aware that Transhumanism does have very left-wing historical roots. Haldane, the before mentioned grandfather of the theory, was, in fact, an anti-authoritarian Marxist and an editorial board member of London's *Daily Worker*. I find it hard to imagine that these aspects of Transhumanism, and not a hypothetical threat to political equality or Fukuyama's facile notions of democracy were not more influential to Fukuyama — a man who spent the 80's writing policies to train and arm right-wing (and/or religious) extremists in Latin America, Middle East, and Asia — and his critique.

Regardless of whether these biotechnological advancements will lead us to universal emancipation or worldwide enslavement, the strides being made today — as well as the seriousness of its criticisms — suggest that a Posthuman existence is an actual,

eventual possibility. Now, just a decade after of the publishing of both Bostrom and Fukuyama's articles — and the subsequent back and forth that followed — new Nootropic smart drugs are being released with claims that they can keep you sharp, focused, and emotionally composed for up three straight days. Steven Hawkins is advocating for a procedure where all the information from your brain is uploaded onto a computer so your brain can essentially keep working well posthumously. Kevin Warrick is constantly figuring ways to screw new computer components into his flesh that allow him to remotely access machines using his natural neurotransmitters. Still, not everything that falls into the Posthuman/Transhumanist sphere has to reinforce that sci-fi movie aesthetic. At the center, Transhumanism is really about breakthroughs in biomedicine. Whether they are state of the art hearing aids, pacemakers, prosthetic, or bone-marrow cancer and HIV treatments, many of the biomedical advancements we see today are simply exponential improvements of things we normally regard as conventional. Really, the ethics that surround transhumanism are simply: A) we should keep going forward to end human suffering, and B) we should organize society and culture in a way that facilitates wider access to this technology. These are the same ethics that fueled the United States 2008 election.

The future that people imagined at the beginning of 20<sup>th</sup> century is more or less here; however, because of the way technology is currently distributed, we rarely see it with our own eyes. If these are happening within or outside of Transhumanism's ethical framework — something Fukuyama fails to mention — then maybe it's not a bad idea to adopt an ethical system of values that are as sustainable and egalitarian as Bostrom's description of transhumanism. The alarmist provocations of critiques to technology are nothing new. As Haldane stated almost a century ago "there is no great invention, from fire to flying, which has not been hailed as an insult to some god." Such an idea so radical that it attempts to replace the human being with an evolved version of itself is going to sound like an enormous insult to some god. *As How shall we comfort ourselves, the murderers of all murderers? What was holiest and mightiest of all that the world has yet owned has bled to death under our knives: who will wipe this blood off us?* For Haldane the answer was sure: "the scientific worker of the future will more and more resemble the lonely figure of Daedalus as he becomes conscious of his ghastly mission, and proud of it."



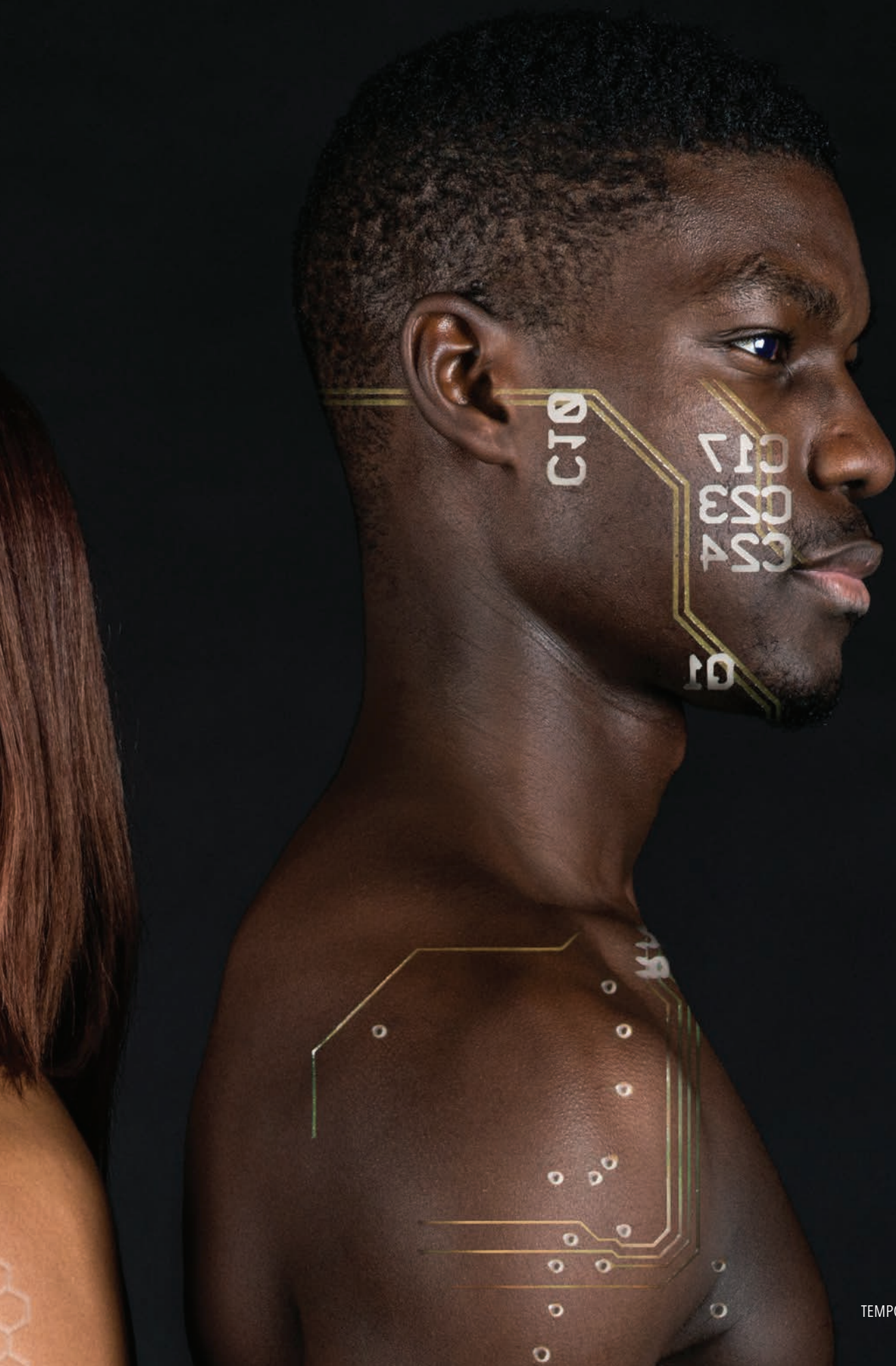
# POST- HUMAN

As described by Katherine Hayles

"If my nightmare is a culture inhabited by posthumans who regard their bodies as fashion accessories rather than the ground of being, my dream is a version of the posthuman that embraces the possibilities of information technologies without being seduced by fantasies of unlimited power and disembodied immortality, that recognizes and celebrates finitude as a condition of human being, and that understands human life is embedded in a material world of great complexity, one on which we depend for our continued survival."









"As you gaze at the flickering signifiers scrolling down the computer screens, no matter what identifications you assign to the embodied entities that you cannot see, you have already become posthuman."





"The important intervention comes not when you try to determine which is the man, the woman, or the machine. Rather, the important intervention comes much earlier, when the test puts you into a cybernetic circuit that splices your will, desire, and perception into a distributed cognitive system in which represented bodies are joined with enacted bodies through mutating and flexible machine interfaces."



# FICTION

## SHORT STORIES



Tempo is seeking submissions for next semester's creative writing contest. Please send your fiction, creative non-fiction, and poetry (3-5 poems) to [pasiebel@g.coastal.edu](mailto:pasiebel@g.coastal.edu) with a brief cover letter for consideration. All emails should be titled in caps with your name, genre, and title (if poetry, state number of poems [i.e. "3 poems"]). Incorrectly formatted titles risk being overlooked.

Ex. JANE DOE FICTION "FICTION TITLE"

Submission deadline: March 1st, 2015

# “Thirty Seconds”

Amanda Taylor

The screen was so bright it was hard to look at without squinting.

Another scam, he thought to himself.

This one was different, though. The other ads never addressed him in full. This one, however, included both his name and address: Matthew Dennis 423 Kingsbridge St. Armonk, Colorado, you have thirty seconds to click yes and win three million dollars.

It had to be a scam. People didn't just give out three million dollars, especially over the Internet. He read it once more he made his rounds, shutting off the apartment lights — the only thing left shining was the pop-up on screen.

All he had to do was pick up his left finger and click on either the small tab that read YES, or the small, red square on the top right corner. Yes or no. It was quite simple, yet he couldn't do it. It was a scam, it had to be. All he would get was a new virus on his computer.

25 seconds.

But what if it wasn't? What if he could finally pay off his loans, or move out of his dingy apartment. Or have anything he wanted.

22 seconds.

It wasn't that he didn't need the money — he needed the money two years ago. Nina couldn't stand living in their studio anymore, and when he proposed without a ring she was happy, but still disappointed. He kept promising her one day he'd get her a massive rock, but she left before he could. It didn't matter, but he thought about it from time to time. He wanted to do everything with her: Japan, the gondola ride in Venice, snails in Paris, one day maybe, finally buy her that stupid signed Poe book about the bird.

17 seconds.

Nina didn't matter — it was only him now, and he could use the money. He could quit paying rent and actually buy an apartment of his own. He could start a company, buy his mom a new car — four cars if she really wanted them — pay everyone back plus interest, buy a suit that wasn't from Goodwill. Maybe buy that stupid, signed Poe book just for himself.

12 seconds.

All he had to do was click. If he got a virus, whatever.

This is an all-time low, he thought. He was relying on the Internet to give him a million dollars.

But it said his name and address. It knew him.

He wondered what would happen if he didn't click. How long he would stay in the apartment? How long it would take to find a job. To actually get his life started. Either way, he saw risk. If he clicked and it wasn't real, he would get a virus and have to pay for repairs. If he didn't, nothing would change. If he clicked, though, his life could really change.

6 seconds.

He refused, from here out, to be the loser he'd been — this was his out. He would do everything he'd dreamed of, even get Nina back. He'd go to her house with a ring straight from the mines and ask her all over again. He'd tell her he paid everyone back and bought a bigger apartment, a car for his mom. That signed Poe book with the bird.

Time slowed down, and he knew he had to make a choice. The lights in his apartment began to flicker — they'd turn back on, full brightness, in six seconds. If they turned on, and he clicked, and the three million was his and was real, his life would change. If they turned on and he didn't —

He knew it would be the most important sound he'd ever hear. The click that changed his life — even if he clicked the X in the corner he promised himself his life would be different. He made a mental note to find that Poe book. With all the strength he'd lost in the last 28 seconds, he pushed his left finger down on the mouse and let the click ring loudly in his ears.



# “Like Bees”

Pat Siebel

“Then there’s this sudden, loud buzzing noise,” I tell Woodward. “So I wake up and roll over to my wife, cross-legged on top of the covers, a small, roundish chunk of wood in one hand and a rotary tool running in the other, staring at me.”

He lifts his thermos, smiles. Other employees begin trickling into the break room. Her crafts, it occurs to me, have escalated in complexity: fabric cutting to whittling to raucous power tools — all within a month.

“Just staring at you?” he says.

And I explain how, yes, she was just staring at me, like she was reading a story in my face — then how she just looked down and resumed meticulously smoothing the little wooden sphere.

“On the ground,” someone says — then everyone watches through the runway window as the plane slows down, dust billowing behind the engine, as it taxis toward the gate.

---

Upstairs, in the passenger terminal, I stare at the FlightTrack Board — the coded three-letter destinations up and down its columns.

AGB: DELAYED

AJA: DELAYED

AKL is Auckland Airport in New Zealand: DELAYED.

The Board is constantly working, processing data sent from Operations, and passengers all crowd the four-paneled screen, scoff, then yell to Linda that No surprise, we’re delayed until Who-knows-when, again.

They’re right — I doubt I’ll be home on time tonight. I’ll be here, I think, standing between the Board and the Duty-free shop, just standing. Under the Board, I become another head. Hiding from other heads. Look far enough in any direction and you’ll see it, you’ll get why — Search Teams, everywhere: bands of industrious workers bent on busting Baggage Handlers who hide when planes are on the ground.

Through the terminal window, the tarmac is steaming — but this may be an exaggeration: the cumulative effect of watching Woodward grab luggage off the belt, alone, panting heavily, and the red sun inches above him. Context does that. Linda and her braying travel companion walk into the Duty-free shop, which I feel a kinship with — a shop free of duty.

Seems I haven’t stepped in for years.

*La di da*

*Delayed? For how long?*

*Let’s get drinks*

A man steps in front of me, failing to notice he’s right in my front. His shoulders, heavy with an array of baggage — overstuffed Minnie Mouse duffel, camera bag, two rucksacks — are sagging as he trades glances — floor/Duty-free/around/Duty-free/floor — like me.

---

Outside, someone warms up a pneumatic start. Even in the tarmac restrooms, dingle out with no hand support, fingers plugged deep in my ears, the noise is loud, oppressive. An assault on the senses.

“Can’t hear you in here.” My phone is tucked between cheek/shoulder, and my wife, I think, is saying words into the other end.

A typed letter taped atop the urinal piping:

ATTN. BAGGAGE HANDLERS: PLEASE TAXI UP CLOSE IF YOUR MANIFOLD PRESSURE IS LOW, OR IF YOU’RE EQUIPPED WITH A SHORT DRAIN-MAST, BECAUSE THE NEXT CREW MEMBER MAY NOT BE EQUIPPED WITH A FLOATATION DEVICE. THANK YOU, TERMINAL MX DEPT.

More buzzing in the background — what’s she building now? My wife has never commented on my drain-mast. Currently she comments on something flying about our apartment. It’s a bee, she says, and she can’t shoo it.

I remember something. “Open up the door.”

She asks if I think she hasn’t already tried that — I hadn’t, hence my asking, then there’s a loud thwack on her end.

“O — don’t hurt the thing, it’s just confused,” I say.

“I have work to do — come home if you want to save the world.”

“Chase him out with the Dremel.”

We disconnect. What I remembered was sleeping last night: I remember sleeping, and sometime overnight feeling something crawling up my arm, and in my sleepiness, pinching a small, fuzzy something between my fingers, then pitching it across the dark room.

I injured the bee, and it’s seeking refuge in my apartment until it heals.

Wife is trying to beat it with a newspaper.

A coworker pulls up to the stall beside me. My phone still rests between cheek/shoulder, and I’ve still yet to go. Search Team: Watching. I read once, in a Nicholson Baker novel, concerning urinary anxiety to picture yourself peeing all over the guy next to you. Him-on-the-ground-your-foot-upon-his-neck peeing. Pure, unfiltered peeing.

Baker’s words prove miraculous, empirical Truths.

"Hiding eh, son? Fake-a-phone-call maneuver, uh?"

"No and no, respectively."

"Show me your screen."

"Yes, honey, yes please, yes, hold on just a second, I'll call right back, promise." I grab the phone and pocket it. "Family crisis," I tell the Searcher, "what was that?"

"We've been looking for you."

Baker's suggestion, I discover, is restricted to silent restrooms. The Searcher says words, and I envision blue New Zealand seas, fast water breaking over the shoreline rocks. Impregnated cloud lines over the Tasman. The Searcher zips up, walks away. "Expecting you soon," he says. The levee gives way to a surge. I zip and check floors around my urinal: No spillage = sufficient drain mast? How goes bee vs. incumbent wife?

I'll find out.

"Hello?"

"Listen, I have an idea. Bees are attracted to flowers, this is in their nature, this is uncontested, right? OK. Take one of the sunflowers from off the mantle, and open the front door. OK, now wave the flower slowly in front of the bee's face, just right to left, right in front of his face, swaying, like it's blowing through the wind. And you have to be a little brave here but some bees — most bees — don't sting. Are completely incapable of. I want you to know that. You shouldn't be scared, it's probably one of those. OK. Now slowly pull the flower, the wind has changed directions and it's blowing away, tease it, yeah, kind of like a dog, and just keep pulling it away until you're both outside, and the rest is future's history."

---

Woodward and I are assigned to the 747 — just us, just as always. The clouds sit low, flat-bottomed as if resting on glass. There's movement everywhere. Woodward places luggage on the belt and feeds it up to where I squat, hunched low in the jet's belly, stretching my arms wide pulling the bags onto the plane with nothing but back, stacking them atop one another: Tiny, little walls.

"Careful you stay under the fire suppression lines," Woodward says.

He means the bags. He's smiling, and I haven't a clue as to why. It occurs to me that Woodward's life is probably most definable as the moments between punch-in and punch-out. I like him, mainly because Searchers don't, so I tell him OK, will do, and continue stacking, just below the suppression line, which keeps him smiling. Dedicated service,

Woodward. A good listener. Searchers probably criticize him to keep the heat off them — think like math that two absences = a presence.

When we finish he forces a pant through his smile and sits on the belt. I hang my legs from the plane, panting along.

"You don't smile — you should, they don't like that," Woodward says.

"Woodward," I say, "I've never smiled much and, as a consequence, I find smiling situations, times where it's expected of me to smile, quickly exhausting. The muscles in my cheeks simply aren't familiar with the movements, and, as a consequence, the tiring isn't some mental woe — nothing like that. It's physical pain. It physically hurts me to smile."

"Hurts like how?"

"Like your back after work, I guess. If I could go back, live life over, strengthen my cheeks a little, I'd do it, absolutely. And yeah, I could start now, but the drive's just not there. That and, at this point, I just don't need any more wrinkles on my face. Christ, Woodward, look at my skin."

"Things don't just wrinkle," he says. "That takes time."

I roll back into the plane, lean against a baggage wall, dig into my Dickies for my phone.

"Hello?"

"Christ."

"Close, but not quite."

"You've been drinking," she says.

I've been hurting bees in my slumber. "How go your conservationist efforts? Do the trick? Did it work? Rescue our little guy?"

"But you're at work?"

"It's all right, I can talk — no one bothers me so long as I'm in the belly. One preoccupation can easily be disguised as another. It's great. I can simply say, 'I was calling operations to see if there were anymore bags, to see if it was OK if I closed up the belly and moved on to my next assignment,' and there would be no cause for concern. So how goes he?"

---

I'm still. Standing. Blocking the vision of many, I think. Overhead: the FlightTrack Board. Constant shuffling everywhere. People sound angry. Many people are DELAYED and want drinks pronto.

Smells like something, don't you smell?

[incoherent mumbling]

There, that man there, I think.

Men in fitted suits stand at the window, overlooking the tarmac.



---

“My wife’s the type never to listen. The bee’s probably dead — that’s what I’m thinking as she talks. The bee’s probably dead, and she probably thinks I’m drinking again.”

---

Auditors: Official sets of eyes — I slip off my safety vest, crumple it into my pocket. I look across at the shop that eschews duty. *Moi aussi*. Ha. A woman steps in front of me. Rude — probably a Yankee. LGA: DELAYED — we are stuck together, woman, but I will learn to like you, maybe, if you please would scoot your person just a bit to the left. The Suits look down on Woodward, sitting, panting, resting — supine on the belt. He is seen, but does not see. He doesn’t see what, or whether the Suits write. People shuffle everywhere, eyes examine me, Yankee woman turns around, squinting.

“Can you make out those tiny letters?” she asks. “I have trouble seeing things. Could you tell me what time does Allentown, PA depart?”

I was wrong. Often am. I check the screen, inform her, then, gently, she reaches her small hand to my shoulder, rubbing a spot I hadn’t realized was tender. Then she walks away. My eyes follow her as she walks through the terminal. I watch her hands, then, as I lose visual around the corner, I picture my wife’s hands cradling the small egg-shaped chunk of unsmoothed wood from this morning. Around me people come and go, constantly trading places. Movement seems all a fluid, circular thing. People become synchronized. A singular entity. Or have they always been? Shuffle, shuffle. People everywhere, and I almost say something as someone, maybe intentionally, brushes past with a shoulder like a Zamboni. What I want to say is: Hey, man, you need that tense shoulder massaged? But the man, shoulders overloaded with baggage, reeks of alcohol = careless, unpredictable. I say nothing, head for el baño.

---

The commode is cold to the touch. My body, however, and most particularly the area under my sternum, savors a pleasant warmth. I’m sitting, minding my own — emailing wife bumblebee pictures to her cell, trying to explain which is which, and that some whiches won’t hurt her. Can’t hurt her. My nose hairs burn. A man enters the stall beside me, never any peace, dropping his pants and baggage to the floor. I watch him under the separator, as he reaches down and pulls his overstuffed Minnie Mouse duffel onto his lap. The zipper traverses its track, the sound of some critical quaffing, the duffel hitting the floor, a breathy sigh of relief.

IT’S OK, I message my wife, WILL GIVE YOU LOWDOWN: HONEY-BEES STING, BUT ONLY IF HONEY THREATENED. BUMBLEBEES ONLY IF NEST THREATENED (WHICH IS REVERSE CASE, RIGHT?), & MALES HAVE NO STING! ALSO: HONEYS WILL DIE POST-STING, SO IF YOU SUSPECT A HONEY BE CAREFUL IT DOESN’T THINK

YOU’RE RIGHT OVER IT, LIKE THREATENING ITS BEE-NESS IN ANY WAY, BECAUSE IT WILL DIE. NOBODY HAS TO DIE HERE. ALSO: THERE ARE SOLITARY BEES, HUNDREDS OF VARIETIES, AND THEY NEVER STING. IF YOU HAVE TROUBLE IDENTIFYING, PLUG THOSE #S IN, GET MATHEMATICAL ABOUT IT: ONLY 2/200-SOMETHING ARE EVEN CAPABLE OF STINGING.

I send, my phone buzzes, I answer, and wife says words into the other end. Something interrogative, but I don’t listen. I pull the flush lever and wait for an opening.

“Get that last picture I sent?” I ask. “Of course you did, so of course you see there’s nothing to worry about. You’ve probably already escorted him outside.”

Walking out, I stop at the mirror and cup my hands in front of my face — blow/inhale. Breath = questionable = onward to the Duty-free for mints. The man with the heavy shoulders is in the Duty-free — I see him. I tell this to my wife. I say: “No, not me, not now, but this man right here, yeah, you’d know the ty —“

Then she says more words about something else completely.

“Man’s like omnipotent, no, omnipresent?” I say. “Under the Board, in the restroom, now he’s right across the aisle.”

“Aisle?”

“Corridor, hallway, walkway, all same. No value in semantics — these things fail us.”

The man and I — we walk back into the terminal, stand under the FlightTrack Board. A head amongst heads. Auckland is still DELAYED. A voice over the PA announces something about all unattended baggage is subject to search, and how we’re all consenting, by being in such and such a place, to searches, and we’re thanked again for getting away with whatever airline is getting us there and encouraged to do so again.

Luscious Lush’s luscious

Foucault — and paranoia with its relation to the formation of modern subjectivity

Him, right there

“Did you identify the bee? Which one? Hold on, loud here — moving away.”

My wife’s the type never to listen. The bee’s probably dead — that’s what I’m thinking as she talks. The bee’s probably dead, and she probably thinks I’m drinking again.

“This is a serious violation of my own bee-hood,” I say. “I have aspirations, you know? And shit I’ll tell you, I’ll tell you right now, I’d give all Auckland for that bee’s life, OK? All Auckland, it’s lakes, rivers,

streams and waters breaking onto the Oceanic crust and don't even get me started on all that scientific stuff because that bee, harmless little bugger he was, probably couldn't have even stung you. Probably not even a little. Not if he wanted, which he wouldn't have. He wouldn't have wanted to sting you, he just wanted a bit of repose, time to heal, before buzzing back into the buzzing world and being a productive member of his small flying society of bichromatic servant helpers. To help who? Ha. I'd expect that. Never mind. Searchers are coming. No, this is good—stay on the line. Fake dialogue with me. Yes, Hi, is the plane all done? Can we seal up the belly and get her out? OK, they passed. See, that's what I was telling you about earlier. Hey, tell me, what are your honest opinions on my drain mast? It's something I need to know, we should all know, just to cover all our bases. To be completely and totally thorough about everything and leave no stone unturned et cetera et cetera. Woodward? Him, too? They call him things: 'He is slow,' 'daft' if they're feeling smart, 'Son-bitch-throws-a-wrench-the-monkey-house' whatever that means. That's probably why. One always holds a fist in the air alongside the underdog. You or me? Ha. You're funny, you really are, I'm dying over here, absolutely dying. Him? Yes, I think he's following me. DELAYED. No, there's nothing I can do about it, probably midnight or so. Is me? Is me? Wait, already — it is? It is already?"

And then I go home, and when I get home I walk through the front door to my wife, who's hunched over the kitchen bar making little electrical noises like two broken, exposed wires touching together with a spark.

"Look," she says.

Hanging my keys on the front hook I walk toward the kitchen bar, and on the bar, see something resembling a box.

"You see?" she says. "I bought him a cage."

I press my eyes against the small, screened enclosure with its miniature trees and small, plastic hives hanging from the branches, watching him fly around in circles, wings dragging along the four walls, exploring his boundaries.

She tells me she wants to keep him, watch over him, and I agree, nodding my head, then head to the bathroom to wash my face off with cold water. Unfamiliar muscles burn. I listen to my wife's electrical-sounding pantomimes. Tztt tztt tztt. I hear the cork pop off a bottle of wine, liquid breaking as it smacks the glass's bottom, the glass as it fills, then her heavy footsteps on the tile floor as she stomps around the room, probably flapping her arms, tztt tztt tztt, probably a glass in her

hand, red wine probably spilling everywhere.

The whole day — the whole thing — I think, was probably a rash case of misinterpretation on my part.

In the kitchen another brim-filled glass is sitting, waiting, if a drink could. I lift it by its stem, look to my wife sitting at the bar, cage resting in her lap, craft materials spread across the table, thin, torn strips of newspaper dangling between her fingers and above a cereal bowl filled with glue.

Then I repair to the bedroom.

Overnight, images and scenes are multiplied and refracted, my vision compounded, and I'm crawling through a mosaic wilderness of thick, crunchy arm hair, traversing my own forearm. I am small, my foundation is unsure. I stop for a moment to survey the terrain. Then, I feel my body lift into the air, pinched between two fingers like forceps and hurled across the room. When I wake, I'm in the room alone, my wife nowhere to be seen. A sliver of light in the doorway. Walking softly on my toes, the way one does in a second-floor apartment to preserve the sacred sound of peace, I look out into the living room at my wife standing before a full-body mirror. In her arms, under her chest, she cradles a paper-mache hive, damp still with warm-colored paint, holding it tightly, tightly, until finally she pulls it away, leaving its wet, warm imprint on the tummy of her nightgown.





EDITOR'S  
SUGGESTIONS**BACKSWING**

Aaron Burch

Call it Suburban Surrealism, call it what you'd like, I'll call it brilliant. Burch explores the pre-millennial generation with acute accuracy — detailing young, self-conscious characters on the fringes of identity and self-discovery. His stories, undeniably American, his language, refreshingly Now, Burch is a writer whose enormous heart we are undoubtedly indebted to. *Backswing* knocks it out of the park.

**HALF OUT WHERE**

Joseph Aguilar

Aguilar's lexical acrobatics will leave you gasping for air. His short stories and prose poems are distinctly his, while simultaneously paying respects to the likes of Waldrop, Borges, and Lydia Davis. The winning manuscript in the 2013 Caketrain Competition, *Half Out Where* conducts a thorough investigation of sentences/temporality and concludes with pure, cathartic indecision.

**QUACK THIS WAY:**

David Foster Wallace &amp; Bryan A Garner Talk Language and Writing

I generally tend to trust those authors who use their first, middle, and last names. No different here. Two self-proclaimed “vocational snoots” discuss language, writing, and style. You should read this if, for nothing else, to steal a few of their gorgeous sentences. I did, and I will again.

## BOOKS.

**WASP BOX**

Jason Ockert

*Wasp Box*, says Brock Clarke, author of *Exley*, “is full of wonders.” Clarke goes on, expounding on a novel “full of drunken fathers and the Finger Lakes of New York and middling wineries and too-smart-for-their-own-good kids and bomb shelters and young love and lost love and lost diaries and killer wasps.” And yes, it's true: Jason Ockert's first novel is all of that. But it's also more. In just under 180 pages, *Wasp Box* is the violent, kneejerk reaction to change; a poignant statement about the deteriorating American family; and, perhaps most importantly, a profound lesson in universal empathy.

“Do you know why I'm *really* letting you go see him now?” Hudson's mother asks before he and his half-brother, Speck, leave to spend the summer with Hudson's father. “Because you're old enough to discover for yourself what a lousy man [he] is.” At the boys' summer home, a small-town New York vineyard with a parasitic wasp problem — this, it should be noted, is an understatement — Hudson works with his father's friend, explores young romance, and tries to connect with his estranged father — while Speck, alone with his buzzing mind, finds a soldier's journal in the woods and, as the world around him falls away, revels in the soldier's tales of returning home from war.

A Jason Ockert novel review (short-story collections *Rabbit Punches* (Low Fidelity Press, 2006) and *Neighbors of Nothing* (Dzanc, 2014) are, however, available) at the time of writing this review is nonexistent. That said, another is already slated for a 2016 release, and I'm sure, right now, just like me, a multitude of delighted scribblers have just finished their advance-reading copies of *Wasp Box* and are staring at their computer screens, wondering, like me, how to review a book so emotionally brilliant that it resists the conventions of plot summary. Don't get me wrong — the plot, in its subtle way, is huge. Calamity ensues, and life quickly destabilizes for everyone. But Ockert shines brightest in his execution: *Wasp Box*, despite its swelling conceit, is beautifully lesson in subtlety.

If Jason Ockert hadn't already proven his effortless fidelity toward syntactic perfection, his ability to tackle any/all subjects, and his deeply complex understanding of human intricacies, he does here. This first novel from a master of the short form shows Ockert has no restrictions and, like always, a profound aptitude for narrative. Behind Ockert's conceits are phenomenally large insights into what it means to be alive.

—PAT SIEBEL

**PRAISE FOR OCKERT'S  
PREVIOUS WORK:**

“Rabbit Punches marks the debut of an exciting new American talent. Ockert's voice is quirky, funny, and totally original — it conveys, in these dreamlike, virtuosic stories, a strange and vulnerable kindness you haven't read before.”

— George Saunders

“Beautiful stories, searching and generous. Ockert never ceases to astound.”

— Junot Díaz

“The writing is hip but not terminally hip, fun, at times very fun, and contains signs that the author is disturbed enough to be worth watching. He may tell us some new things.”

— Padgett Powell

# SECOND CUP BOOK READING

“He waited out the daylight lying over a dune with the shotgun.” - **Eric Shonkwiler**



Eric Shonkwiler, Cara Adams, Schuler Benson, Pat Siebel

**S**econd Cup, a small coffee-shop franchise that's new to the Myrtle Beach area recently hosted a reading by four local authors. Each author read original work, and though the content of their stories ranged significantly, most of their work emphasized a dry humor while simultaneously providing the audience with some serious life realizations.

Pat Siebel, a current student at Coastal Carolina University, was first to read. His story, “Like Bees,” reflected the life of the everyday working-class man. Though he was the youngest of the readers, Siebel fit right in with the more experienced authors of the night. “Like Bees” features a narrator who is clearly intelligent, but slightly disturbed — the story followed his relationship, his career, and the subtle habits of a budding alcoholic. Annoyed by what appears a refusal on his wife's part about clearing a bee from their apartment while he's working, readers/listeners quickly draw an uncanny parallel between the lives of humans and insects. While miscommunication plays a major role in Siebel's fiction, readers are also left with the idea that different bees play their own respective roles within the hive.

Amanda Taylor, a classmate of Siebel's, commented, “It was really great being able to hear the work of a great up-and-coming artist, especially since Pat and I work so closely together at Tempo. I'm glad I was able to make it out.”

Following Siebel, Schuler Benson, writer of the story collection, *The Poor Man's Guide to an Affordable, Painless Suicide*, took the stage. Benson's stories represent the unconventional truths of southern life with an ominous spin. To begin, Benson read from the collection's title story. Hearing about a dead infant wasn't what the audience was expecting, but the hilarity that accompanied the piece wasn't, either. His first, quick performance — a necessary word to describe Benson's effective delivery — was followed by “Stroke Test.” The characterization of the subject emphasizes a certain truth about lower-class southern culture; his sardonic humor

about the mundane sensation of the Deep South focuses on the dark territory of the brine. Benson writes the Deep South as a living hell, but his characters find a way to get through. A highlight of his reading came with the dialogue, “I'd fuck your friends if you had any,” is just one example of crude comedy that helps the reader cope with the sad, strange worlds Benson's characters inhabit.

The third author of the night was CCU Associate Professor, Cara Blue Adams. To preface her story, “The Sand Counter,” Adams gave the crowd an unbelievable disclaimer: She wrote “The Sand Counter” while vacationing on a Mexican beach with her Burmese Mountain Dog. Not long into her vacation, Adams was stung by a stingray and was required to stay off her feet. She commented that she “was prescribed hard medications.” Despite whatever, “The Sand Counter” proved to be incredibly insightful tale. The protagonist, employed by a museum to monitor a single exhibit — the sand counter loves his job. Each night he counts a sample of the sand to ensure the scale is represented accurately. As he becomes increasingly invested in the project, he begins to think more analytically about each grain of sand — almost humanizing each one. Because each grain comes from different sediment, every little speck contains its own aesthetic uniqueness. The protagonist begins to label the sand — if the grain came from a lustrous shell, it represented a wealthy individual or a highly respected person; the less attractive grains from dingy sediments represented those who weren't as well off, beautiful, or popular. Eventually, the museum curator lays the sand counter off. He begs to become a volunteer, to still count the sand, but the project ends. The world, to the man, becomes “glossy with a mirrored surface,” as the project that once gave his life meaning — in its absence — causes him to lose himself.

Finishing, Adams received an appreciative round of applause from the audience. Fellow CCU Professor, Colin Burch, continued to clap as she made her way from the podium back to her seat.

The final author of the night was Eric Shonkwiler. Shonkwiler read from *Above All Men*, his Mid-west-gothic novel about the decline of America in the uncomfortably-soon future. Shonkwiler — his voice, deep, calming, and because of difficulties in projecting, plugged into a small battery-operated amplifier — didn't read long enough. Kindly, however, he offered to sign books after the reading. One wouldn't have foreseen such ardent appreciation for dark humor over the course of the night, but people were endeared by the strange tales — about miscommunication and belonging, the tribulations of Southern life, the things that lend our lives meaning, and a short description from Shonkwiler about a horse's castration. Shonkwiler's subtle humor, along with his grotesque finesse allowed for a sense of unsettling enjoyment.

Afterward, the audience was eager to speak with Shonkwiler and the other authors. “I have never castrated a horse,” commented Shonkwiler. “I simply got online and looked up how to do it.” He noted that, “it's a surprisingly basic process. You know, they gave a tool designed specifically for it — it looks like a nutcracker,” then smirking, commenting, “Well, that's actually what it is, I suppose.”

For those who have never attended a reading — what are you doing with your lives? It's a writer's job to convey emotion and thought onto the page, and who better to present the work than the writers themselves?

Here's to hoping that Myrtle Beach's Second Cup continues to host these events and to serve, what I considered, one of the best cups of coffee I've ever had.

-LAUREL NUSBAUMER



## EDITOR'S PICK: Top Albums

### Magnolia Electric Co. *Sojourner Box Set*



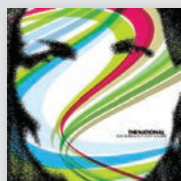
### Jessica Lea Mayfield *With Blasphemy So Heartfelt*



### Wilco *Summer Teeth*



### The National *Sad Songs For Dirty Lovers*



# MUSIC.

## MAROON 5: V

**M**aroon 5 began working on their fifth studio album, *V*, immediately after the release of *Overexposed* — and though the vibes are similar, *V* seems to benefit from a more-careful planning.

Adam Levine's auto-tuned voice, though openly hated by many, is back with a substantial presence. With the early-release singles "Maps" and "It Was Always You," it seems Levine wished to take a strong stand to declare to fans that he's the voice and director behind Maroon 5 — no one else. But there's a difference from the last album: It can actually be felt.

Most of *Overexposed* up upbeat, though not club-banger upbeat — more like speeding-down-the-highway-top-down-screaming-your-favorite-song upbeat, like the track, "Sugar." Or, there's the mellower tearjerker, "Lost Stars," which has already found a comfortable home on the charts. "Animals," however — the newest single — is the stand-out track, by far: catchy, sexual, and addictive. And, because it wouldn't be a Maroon 5 album without it, there's the sad break-up song, "Unkiss Me."

Though "Unkiss Me" touches on heavy sentimentality, Maroon 5 has been making a conscious move away from this sound — ever since "Hands All Over" and "It Won't Be Soon Before Long." Though the transition has been slow, with many songs that just can't hold themselves back from instinct, with every release the change is more pronounced. But it's still the Maroon 5 you love — and the album, on constant rotation, for me, has yet to stale.

With every release, Maroon 5 is making a statement. They've made themselves clear on previously albums, and, likely, will continue to



in the future. Levine — who recently criticized corporate giants such as Fox News, stating his disapproval with the network for broadcasting their music during news shows — has a voice we will be sure to continue to hearing.

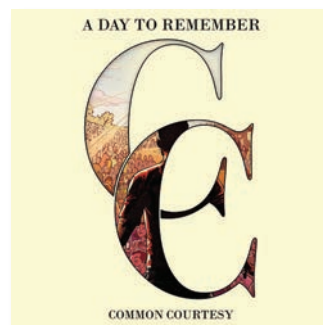
—JADA MURRY

## A DAY TO REMEMBER: Common Courtesy

**I**n 2011, A Day To Remember faced a lawsuit against Victory Records, subsequently leading to the self-release of *Common Courtesy*.

*Common Courtesy* epitomizes the idea that good things come from sticky situations. Because it was produced and released independently, the broadcast of advertisement was much quieter than the album's antecedents, *Homesick* and *What Separates Me From You*.

The album begins with an interview view at ADTR's life before success. People tend to forget, especially in today's music, that most bands start small. They begin with a vision, or a dream, and work extremely hard with high hopes for success. It's a hit-or-miss opportunity



but, if it hits, the outcome is life changing.

The first song, "Right Back At It Again," sends us back to 2003 when the band was just beginning, playing local bars and sleeping on their friends' floors, while the song, "I Remember," recalls early life on the road. "I remember when I first saw the country/I remember sleeping in your van/Said goodbye to friends and family/Cause they could never understand." This album tells a story, allowing the listener to join — what results is a rare, intimate relationship between the musicians and their fans.

Jeremy McKinnon, ADTR's vocalist, crafts the songs as a story line. Recorded in a band member's basement, the purpose of *Common Courtesy* is to examine the roots of what has proved to be an unpredictable success. Listeners enjoy nearly an hour in the epicenter of artistic creation. There are slower songs with little screaming, and songs with nothing but. For having to assume the full responsibilities of releasing a major album, *A Day To Remember* arises as the victor in their cold war against Victory Records.

—EDEN HALEVY



# LOVE. MONEY. PARTY.

What I think about when I think about Miley.

**M**any new trends arose in 2013: social terms like “bae,” to our generation being dubbed *Generation Selfie*. Perhaps the most memorable sensation, however, was twerking.

The Oxford dictionary defines twerking as a “dance to popular music in a sexually provocative manner involving thrusting hip movements and a low, squatting stance.” Sparking interest in youths and young adults everywhere, one individual, previously known for her success for wearing a blonde wig and singing bubble gum pop, took the dance to astronomical proportions. Previously known as Hannah Montana, Miley Ray Cyrus — whom is often looked down upon by the nation for her drastic change in style, music, and life choices — twerked her way to the top of the charts during the summer of 2013.

Very rarely does anyone take Miley’s side. I am one of those people.

When *Hannah Montana* ended, Miley decided to focus on her acting. The image she found herself most comfortable in wasn’t one typically associated with the Disney brand; she was constantly reproached over becoming an adult and breaking out of her shell. I loved it. She brought a sexier, more sophisticated side of her that no one had before seen. Her life started to spice up once actor, Liam Hemsworth, popped the question. The couple had been in an on/off relationship for three years, and her fans patiently waited for the couple to say “I do.” However, after months of media speculation, Cyrus and Hemsworth called off their yearlong engagement and ended their four-year relationship.

It didn’t take long for the world to claim Miley had gone off the deep end — but did she?

Miley hired Larry Rudolph, known for his work with Britney Spears, before her breakup. The same year, she decided to end her contract with Hollywood Records and began a new one with RCA, who released her controversial fourth studio album, *Bangerz*. With my favorite track from the album, “We Can’t Stop,” came a strange music video: huge dancing teddy bears, people eating money sandwiches — and twerking.

The MTV Video Music Awards aired in August of 2013, and the nation dubbed it the worst thing to hit national television that year — with the exception of Miley’s followers who dub themselves “Smilers.” During the performance, Cyrus twerked on married singer, Robin Thicke, “and touched herself inappropriately” — making national headlines for over a month. The controversy over the performance was so large that it overshadowed the attention given to the other major events of the night, including the reunion of boy band, ‘N Sync. While many critics described Miley’s performance as a “train wreck” or “embarrassing,” I found it captivating. It didn’t draw me in because she was acting crazy — but because fans could tell she was having fun, being herself.

During an interview after the show, Cyrus discussed her critics, saying, “[t]hey’re over thinking it. You’re thinking about it more than I thought about it when I did it.” I support this one hundred percent, considering there have been worse scandals aired on live television.

Fast forward: a few months later, Miley’s *Bangerz* tour takes the world by storm, and fans are lining up to see what the concert has to offer. It begins with backup dancers and people dressed in bear suits parading around the stage — Miley’s face broadcasted on a large background screen. The lights dim down, the screen opens where Miley’s mouth is located, and out comes a slide resembling Cyrus’s tongue. A few seconds later, she appears, slides down, waves to the crowd, and begins the show.

She dances with corn, performs fake sexual acts on a huge bed with her backup dancers, rides a hot dog, and wears extremely revealing outfits. Though over-the-top and displeasing to some, Miley has a reason behind everything. Mainly, she’s unconcerned with what people think; she’s aware her raunchy actions get her noticed — not only by fans, but also her haters. She knows people will go home and search her on Google, and she doesn’t care. Perhaps, she even revels in the thought.

Deep down, Miley is a sweet, genuine person who stands up for her beliefs. The media will claim she changed with her short haircut, but I think it’s at this moment that she knew exactly who she wanted to be.

Here’s to hoping she continues on, exactly as is. Like her role model Britney Spears says, “You better work, bitch.”

—RAY TAYLOR





# DIRTY HEADS

Dirty Heads at the House of Blues. July 30th, 2014

I was introduced to the Dirty Head in the summer of 2008 and, after a week of listening to their infectious ska/punk, I went and bought my first twisted hemp necklace. Soon after the first necklace, I splurged and bought bracelets, anklets, bandanas, Sublime albums and posters; I wanted to uproot my North Carolina life and trade it for something else.

Fast-forward to present day Myrtle Beach. The much-awaited Dirty Head's concert was finally here. On the way, pretending to be aficionados, we only listened to ska/punk albums, singing at the top of our lungs the entire car ride. One song, "Medusa," I didn't realize until afterwards was from of The Dirty Heads's newest album, *Sound of Change*. All I knew at the time was that I was into it, making a mental note to find the song when I got home later that night.

Before I knew it we were at the venue.

We walked to the area below stage, where everyone congregated, patiently waiting for the show to begin. Girls in flowy skirts, crop tops, and donned in flower crowns mingled in the concert hall with their matted dreads and free spirits. Guys wearing board shorts surrounded the girls, with backwards snapbacks and tank tops. I imagined a sign outside near the parking lot saying, PARK LONG-BOARDS HERE, and couldn't help but giggle.

Aer took the stage first, but were largely drowned out by anticipatory conversations about the headliners. Their set was short, sweet, and packed with enough punch to eventually win the crowd over. When they left the stage, the crowd cheered loudly.

Pepper, who took the stage by storm, followed. They screamed expletives and insults, riling everyone up. I

knew one or two of their popular songs, but still was only interested in seeing The Dirty Heads. Despite my anticipation, I enjoyed Pepper's set as they threw merchandise into the crowd, watching the frenzied fans circling each other like sharks to get their hands on anything.

The crowd was chanting, the vibe was electric, and The Dirty Heads finally took stage. The show could easily be summarized as mesmerizing, but that doesn't do it justice. I reverted back to a 14-year-old girl, bobbing my head and jumping around. Duddy-B and Jared, the members of The Dirty Heads, bounced around on stage with me, rapping and singing for two hours straight. Their set list included both new and old material, but when the time for curtains to close came, I was disappointed — they hadn't played my favorite song. I wiped the sweat from my brow, sighed, rallied up my friends, and got ready to leave.

Without warning, the lights went low. I heard bass, and everyone turned toward the stage where a banner dropped to the floor, revealing a black-lighted Medusa.

Then, I heard my song.

My ankles, though they were killing me, allowed me the freedom to jump around and enjoy one last song — but it didn't stop there. "Medusa" ended and "My Sweet Summer" began. Then, as quickly as they surprised us, the show was over. We ambled to the car, sore and sweating, and headed back home.

—EDEN HALEVY

## SET LIST

1. Hip Hop Misfits
2. Franco Eyed
3. Dance All Night
4. Burials
5. Garland
6. Stand Tall
7. Your Love
8. Cabin By the Sea
9. Spread Too Thin
10. Check the Level
11. Burn Slow
12. Silence
13. Habits
14. Radio
15. Believe
16. Sloth's Revenge
17. Lay Me Down
18. Sound of Change

### Encore:

Medusa  
My Sweet Summer

# MOVIES.

## "BOYHOOD"

**T**he time is now in conservative 21st century Texas where Confederate flags fly, and their owners man their shotguns, daring anyone to think differently near their property.

In a genius juxtaposition of the past, present, and future, Richard Linklater's twelve-year-project, *Boyhood*, chronicles a fictional family whose progression reflects the last twelve years in the United States. Mason (Ellar Coltrane), and his sister (Loreli Linklater) star as two children whose parents' ideals are both limited and limiting. Their parents' duality is crucial to their development, but what's even more disturbing are the prescribed expectations each character faces from year to year.

Social norms are, were, and always will be, the dominant factor in how the characters live their lives. Linklater captures these in contemporary America: a mother moves for her kids, and instead marries into money and instability — a selfish path for success that ends in pieces. Twice. The father (Ethan Hawke), a hardheaded democrat and artist, is the opposite of the other two father figures that come and go through his children's lives. He's barely better off: smoking pot and jobless until he marries into a conservative Christian family. Role models, no more. Mason and his sister reject everything they know and grapple to find their independence and themselves as they come of age.

The technology boom affecting the United States is prevalent as *Boyhood* progresses. First, it's headphones. Mason's sister falls asleep plugged in - which we now know is life threatening - listening to music, though her dad warns her to "try

not to." When their mom leaves her alcoholic husband, Mason engrosses himself in YouTube videos, passively awaiting her return. Meanwhile, his stepfather looks through all their cellphones for clues to her whereabouts.

A couple years pass: the sister is sixteen, Mason fourteen. Their dad notes that he learns more about his kids through Facebook than through their time spent together.

Mason finds solace in photography. His focus is abstract, his images reflect a world fragmented that, at first, his teachers do not appreciate. Conform. Conform. Conform. Mason is constantly berated.

It's 2012 in Mason's third year of high school. He visits his sister at the University of Texas in Austin. He philosophizes often with his girlfriend; driving out there, he says, "Look, you've been checking your phone this whole time. You're not even fully experiencing my bitching."

This idea of transformation and technology builds — a nod in the direction that the United States culture is moving. Getting ready for college, Mason tells his mom about the roommate selection process: It's online, and since its introduction, the college has gone from thirty-three to a one-hundred percent roommate satisfaction rate. "It's crazy," he reflects, "to think we can all be categorized into eight subsets of people. Are the no individual values left at all?"

In its limited release this past July, *Boyhood* is a reflection of contemporary ugliness in social binaries and norms that stem from a past and present the audience thinks they know. *Boyhood* goes from the question "What would I have done?" to "What did I do?" to leave us with "What will I do?"

Expectations are limiting, the American Dream is obsolete, and ignorance pervades generations

both old and young. In a time of transformation, innovation, and change, *Boyhood* urges us to stop reflecting on what our parents did and didn't do. Embrace the fragmented culture we are.

-NIKKIE HANLEY



iMDB's user rating:

8.7

## ROTTEN TOMATOES TOP CRITICS:

"...an epic, a home video, and a benediction. It reminds us of what movies could be and - far more important - what life actually is."

-Ty Burr, *Boston Globe*

"...possibly the most engrossing coming-of-age movie in the history of the genre."

-John Hartl, *Seattle Times*

## iMDB's Most Popular Released in 2014

**Guardians of the Galaxy**  
8.5/10 stars

**X-Men:  
Days of Future Past**  
8.2/10 stars

**Dawn of the Planet  
of the Apes**  
8/10 stars

**Captain America:  
The Winter Soldier**  
7.9/10 stars

**The Lego Movie**  
7.9/10 stars

**22 Jump Street**  
7.3/10 stars

**Maleficent**  
7.1/10 stars

**The Amazing Spider-Man 2**  
7.1/10 stars

**Divergent**  
6.9/10 stars

**Transformers:  
Age of Extinction**  
6.0/10 stars

\*List provided by iMDB.com



# Pimp my Ramen!

If you've never lived off ramen during your four years at school, did you really even go to college? The small packages of noodles cost less than 50 cents and are ready to eat in five minutes — they're essentially the perfect college food. If you're on the ramen budget like me, you're getting pretty tired of the same few flavors. Luckily, with a bit of creativity and a few cheap ingredients, there are ways to ditch the silver package of savory high sodium powder and have some fun with your noodles. Here are four new, simple ways to spice up your go-to food!



## Ramen Burger

- 1½ Packages of ramen noodles
- 1 Tablespoon of vegetable oil
- Beef for hamburger/veggie burger
- Cheese (of your preference)
- Lettuce

### DIRECTIONS:

1. Cook ramen according to package directions. When cooked, let cool.
2. When cooled, mix half of the flavor packet into the noodles.
3. On two pieces of foil, divide ramen evenly. Place in refrigerator for 30 minutes, or until firm.
4. Heat oil in large skillet. When ramen firm, place in skillet and heat until brown (about 3-5 minutes). Flip "bun" and repeat.
5. Transfer ramen buns to a plate and add beef or veggie burger. Top burger with cheese and lettuce. Add more toppings if preferred.
6. Place second bun on top of burger. Enjoy!



## Ramen Pizza

- 2 Packages of ramen noodles
- ½ Cup of tomato sauce
- 1 Cup of shredded mozzarella
- ½ Teaspoon of garlic powder
- 1 Tablespoon of crushed red pepper flakes

### DIRECTIONS:

1. Cook ramen according to package directions. Do not add the flavor packet.
2. Drain water and let noodles cool. When cooled, form into “pizza pie” shape.
3. Preheat oven to 375 degrees. Line cooking sheet with foil - make sure foil is greased. Place “ramen pie” on cooking sheet.
4. Add tomato sauce, mozzarella, and garlic powder to ramen. Place in oven for 5 minutes, or until cheese has melted.
5. Add red pepper flakes when cheese has melted. Serve hot.



## Creamy Ramen Sriracha

- 1 Packet (or 2) flavored ramen
- 4 Tablespoons of butter
- 1 Teaspoon of Sriracha (if a fan of spice, add more!)
- ½ teaspoon of crushed red pepper flakes

### DIRECTIONS:

1. Cook ramen according to package instructions. Do not add the flavor packet.
2. Once cooked, drain water.
3. Add half of the flavor packet 4 tablespoons of butter, and 1 teaspoon of Sriracha to the cooked noodles. Stir well.
4. Once stirred, add ½ teaspoon of crush red pepper flakes.
5. Serve Hot.



## Broccoli Ramen Noodle Salad

- 1 Package broccoli coleslaw mix
- 1 Package (or 2) of uncooked flavored ramen noodles
- 1 Handful of chopped green onions
- 1 Cup almonds/peanuts
- ¼ Cup vegetable oil
- ¼ Cup cider vinegar

### DIRECTIONS:

1. In a large bowl, combine the slaw, green onions.
2. Break up an uncooked package of ramen noodles into fairly small pieces. Add to bowl on slaw and onions.
3. In a separate bowl, mix together oil, vinegar, 1 packet of the ramen seasoning. When thoroughly mixed, pour over salad and mix until evenly coated. Refrigerate until cooled. Before serving, add almonds or peanuts.



# HAIKU SHOWDOWN

LAUREL NUSBAUMER VS. AMANDA TAYLOR

**OK, IT'S ON.**

Whose 5-7-5s best echo your Coastal sentiments?  
Email [pasiebel@g.coastal.edu](mailto:pasiebel@g.coastal.edu).



## SKATEBOARDERS

The noise creeps up fast  
Shit, my ankles! I scream out  
Fuck you, skateboarder  
- Amanda Taylor

**VS.**

You're worse than mopeds,  
Have some respect, excuse me.  
Run over my toes.  
- Laurel Nusbaumer

## WALL POND

A green head pops out  
Are we allowed to steam them?  
Come with me, turtle  
- Amanda Taylor

**VS.**

Why does Wall College  
get to claim the pond? Wally  
turtles don't have swag  
- Laurel Nusbaumer

## ROUND 2



### THE ROUNDABOUT

<p>Cars whipping by fast How did you get your license? There goes my bumper - Amanda Taylor</p>	<p><b>VS.</b></p>	<p>It was built so we Could safely cross, but really it's a huge hazard. - Laurel Nusbaumer</p>
---	-------------------	---

### THE LIBRARY

<p>Always at the club Free admission all the time Club K, for the win. - Amanda Taylor</p>	<p><b>VS.</b></p>	<p>I'm in Club Kimbel High off learning my course work. Who uses Bryant? - Laurel Nusbaumer</p>
--	-------------------	---

## ROUND 3



### PARKING

<p>I paid for my pass But I walk a mile to class Extended lot sucks. - Amanda Taylor</p>	<p><b>VS.</b></p>	<p>I'm lazy as hell. Parking a quarter mile from class ain't working. - Laurel Nusbaumer</p>
--	-------------------	--

### YIK YAK

<p>Quick explanation Anonymous Coastal kids Who all want hook-ups - Amanda Taylor</p>	<p><b>VS.</b></p>	<p>Many people have posted 'bout my freckles on YikYak. I know they're cute, y'all. - Laurel Nusbaumer</p>
---	-------------------	--





The internet is a perpetual full moon. People, really, are just wild. Pure id. We've monitored the best of the worst closely, so you can do your homework without having to worry about missing out.

**@4.0gpa** via Yik Yak

To the kid who puked on the floor at Tongys last night you're a scrub. thanks for spreading Ebola asshole.

**@genius** via Twitter

Just dipped my carrot sticks in beer. I fixed vegetables!

**@lotsofhomes** via Yik Yak

Home is anywhere I have ever masturbated.

**@ittakesacertainkindofperson** via Facebook  
Rosetta Stone did not sit on dhat bus for you gays to be askin for equal rights.

**@ihaveaquestion** via Twitter

How do you pay a nude stripper if they don't have a bra to stuff it in?

**@trophywife** via Yik Yak

Babies are not dishwasher safe.

**@alessoninhypocrisy** via Twitter

Why are you liberals so unfare? Everyone tell all the democrats that voting day is the day after when it is lol

**@badbitchincharge** via Twitter

It goes against my religion to follow an ugly person.

**@watchout** via Yik Yak

Changed my major to stealin ya bitch 101.

**@awesomeidea** via Twitter

Anyone Born On This Planet Should Have A Planetary Citizenship Enabling Them To Freely Explore There Home.

**@kingofthejungle** via Twitter

My girlfriend isn't allowed to shave unless she's seeing me. Don't clear the jungle if it ain't for the lion king.

**@dyingfast** via Yik Yak

I drop liquid heroine down my urethra to avoid track marks.

**@alsodyingfast** via Yik Yak

Those Tide Pods laudry detergent things look so tasty.

*(Note: all handles have been changed to protect their user's identities.)*



Born and brewed in Canada, I have travelled all around the world. I have finally arrived in Myrtle Beach, and I promise to be the 'Second Cup' that you'll always want to have first!

EUROPEANS	Small	Medium	Large
Caramel Corretto	3.35	4.05	4.50
Cappuccino	2.80	3.60	4.00
Caffe Latte	2.80	3.60	4.00
Signature Lattes	3.35	4.05	4.50
Espressos	Singles 1.70	Double 1.90	
Tea Lattes	3.35	4.20	4.60
Artisan Infused Teas	1.90	2.10	2.25
Signature Hot Chocolates	3.15	3.40	3.65

**EARLY BIRD SPECIAL 4.95**  
**Breakfast Sandwich & Choice of Brewed coffee**

Northwood Plaza Shopping Center, 7819 N. Kings Hwy, Myrtle Beach, SC





WANT **REAL** MEDIA EXPERIENCE?

# TEMPO

write. design. shoot. [tempoccu@g.coastal.edu](mailto:tempoccu@g.coastal.edu)